

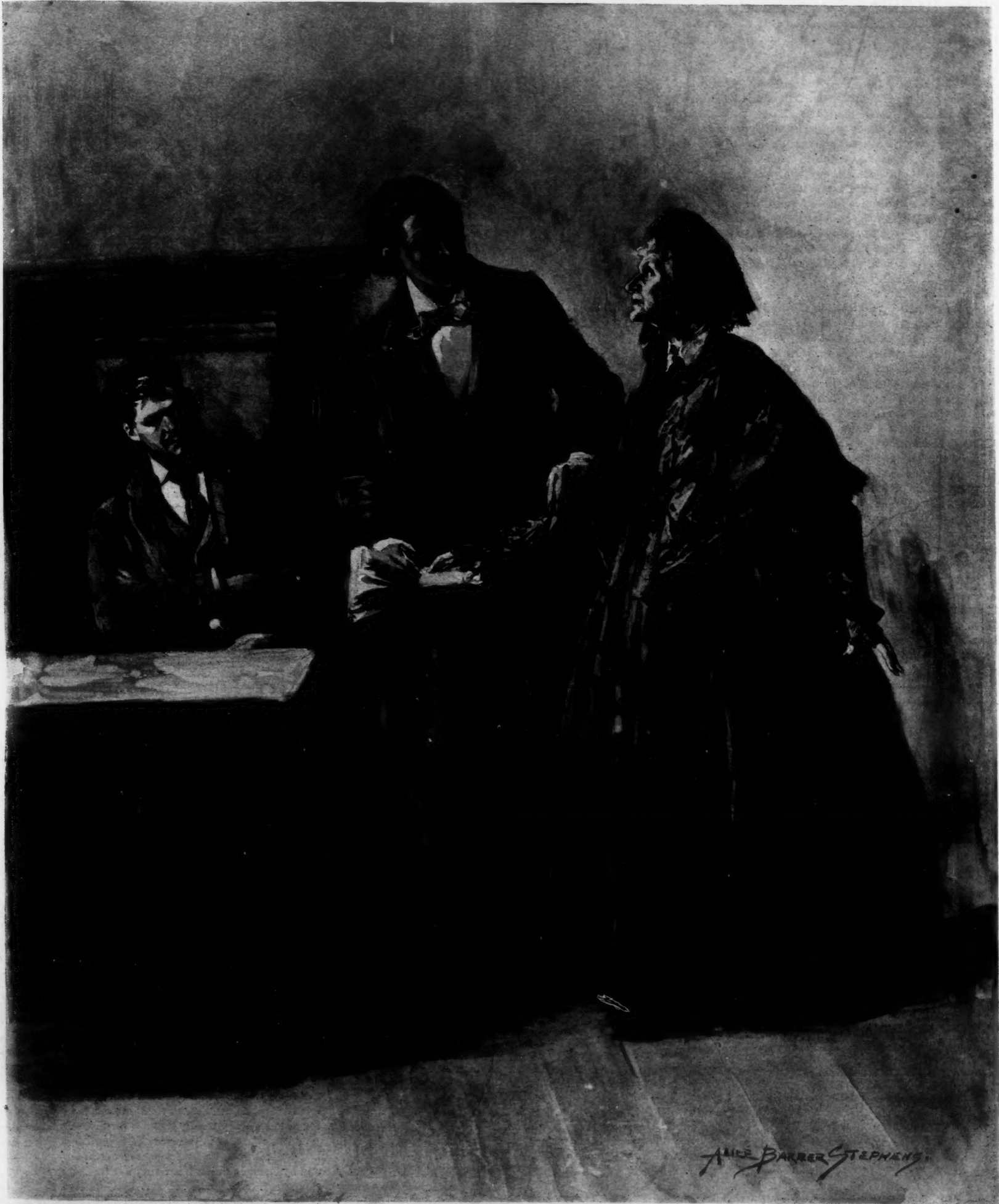
"THE STARK MUNRO LETTERS," by A. CONAN DOYLE. Illustrated by Mrs. Alice Barber Stephens.

# LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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ALICE BARBER STEPHENS

"SHE SWORE WITH UPLIFTED EYES."

[SEE A. CONAN DOYLE'S "THE STARK MUNRO LETTERS" ON PAGE 22.]



## LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

ARKELL WEEKLY COMPANY, Publishers and Proprietors,  
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## A Hinderance to Reform.

ONE of the greatest hinderances to the work of civic reform is the reluctance of citizens of the better class, who by virtue of intelligence, integrity, and business training are specially equipped for the responsibilities of office, to enter the public service. Mayor Strong has been embarrassed by this difficulty from the outset, and his experience is that of every high executive who is honestly solicitous for the elevation of official standards. There is a sense in which the State has a right to the services of every citizen. In times of war or civil commotion this right is never disputed; or, if it is, it can be enforced in obedience to the higher law of the public safety. Why should any citizen who, in the exigencies named, would unhesitatingly recognize this right, seek to absolve himself from the obligation of service in a crisis like the present, which involves the safety of the highest public interests—the foundation principles of self-government? As it seems to us, no man who because of peculiar gifts or qualifications may be called upon to serve the people in responsible station—to stand on guard at points where dangers are greatest—can justifiably refuse to obey the public demand and give his very best efforts, at whatever personal sacrifice, in furtherance of the common welfare. And this, we believe, is the opinion of the thoughtful citizens. No suggestion ever made in these columns has been more cordially or generally approved than that embodied in a recent article to the effect that gentlemen like Mr. Choate, Mr. Depew, or Mr. Coudert, if called upon to serve, for instance, in the board of aldermen, ought to feel bound to honor the demand, and that faithful service in that capacity would be as honorable as in a larger sphere. It is certain that we can never hope for the expulsion of the vicious forces from our public life, and the elimination of incompetency, profligacy, and dishonesty from the administration of affairs, so long as citizens who have the largest stake in community persist in ignoring their public duties in the direction we have indicated.

## Sound Republican Policy.

THE annual report of the Philadelphia Union League embodies some suggestions which are well worth the consideration of all Republicans. The league has a historic record; during the Civil War it was one of the most potent of the many forces which inspired and directed in safe channels the patriotic spirit of the populace, and from that time forward its influence has been widely felt in the promotion of sound public policy as to the great cardinal questions which the war evolved. While distinctively and actively Republican, it has never been so violently partisan as to subordinate the public interests to considerations of party advantage; and in seeking party success it has pursued moderate and conservative, rather than radical and aggressive, lines. Evidently its members, representing the highest financial, commercial, and social life of the Keystone State, are unable to discern in recent events any reason for an abandonment of this policy. On the contrary, the league, fully appreciating the grave responsibility which the late popular revolution has laid upon the party, regards the adoption of this policy in the country at large as of vital importance alike to Republican success and the promotion of the public interests.

A single extract from the report presented at the recent annual meeting of the league will serve to disclose its spirit and temper:

"As Republicans we should recall lessons the neglect of which invited defeat in other days. The right of the laborer to his hire is no less sacred than that of the honest laborer to his place. The severance of public service from political activity should be a cardinal purpose. We must hold firm the integrity of our precious metals, and see that no harm comes from fantastic experiments with the national credit. Silver in its place, gold in its place, and behind silver and gold the national faith! We must arm the republic on the seas, so that with the world now trembling with active and imminent war an enemy may not fall upon us in a night and work suffering and dismay. We must steadily consider the questions of capital and labor, which grow more and more menacing, to the end that there may be a peaceful acceptance of the relations between the citizen who works for bread and the citizen whose capital gives him opportunity to earn his bread. And, as something very near to us, we must be ceaselessly active toward the maintenance of good municipal government."

Here is a platform upon which all Republicans who are really concerned for the public welfare ought to be able to stand. Honest money, the purification of the civil service, the inflexible maintenance of the public faith, a firm and

resolute foreign policy, with a navy adequate to the vindication of the national rights and honor under all circumstances, the protection of labor and capital alike, and the elevation of the standard of municipal administration—these are ideas and principles which the people desire to see incarnated in the public policy, and which, conscientiously asserted and adhered to, will make us invincible. The country is weary of violent partisanship, of the intrigues and conspiracies of political factions and cabals which have no higher motive than personal or factional aggrandizement; it demands statesmanlike consideration, from purely patriotic motives, of the public interests in all their diversities and relationships; while it recognizes that parties are essential and must, in the nature of things, exist, it insists that they shall remember that they are not the sources but merely the instruments of the popular will. There is some danger just now, in this State and elsewhere, that Republicans will forget this vital fact and undertake to use for mere party ends the power placed in their hands. Leaders of a certain sort are assuming that the triumphs achieved last November were purely Republican triumphs, and that no consideration at all ought to be paid to the public sentiment, the vigorous awakening of the public conscience, which made these victories possible. Nothing is more certain than that the acceptance by the party of the unwise counsels of these unsafe advisers will result in disaster. The verdict of these late elections was a verdict, primarily, in favor of civic righteousness, of high policies of reform, and in a secondary sense, as respects the country at large, for honest finance and the protection of every American interest which purely partisan legislation has endangered. The Republican party must respect that verdict if it would perpetuate its supremacy. It cannot afford to juggle with its opportunities. Adhering to essential principles, it must rise to the height of the occasion, and in a spirit of the broadest patriotism make the people's will its one standard of action. In that way only can it deserve the continued confidence of its great constituency, and achieve for itself and the country the beneficent results which lie within easy reach.

## Our Railway Interests.



THE eighth annual report of the Interstate Commerce Commission, recently submitted to Congress, states the interesting fact that, notwithstanding the commercial and financial depression of the year ending with June last, when one hundred and fifty-six railroads were in the hands of receivers, the total number of corporations was increased by sixty-eight, and the total mileage of road was increased by 4,897, making a total of 176,461 miles of line in the country at that date. The capitalization of the roads reporting was \$10,506,235,410, equivalent to \$63,421 per mile of line. The number of passengers carried was 593,560,612, and the number of tons of freight carried was 745,119,482. The gross earnings were \$1,220,751,874, the operating expenses \$827,921,299, leaving net earnings of \$392,830,575, which is equivalent to \$2,314 per mile of line. Adding to this the income from other sources to the amount of \$149,649,615, gives as the amount available for the payment of fixed charges and dividends, \$542,482,190. The number of employes was 873,602. These statistics show, in a very conclusive way, the great magnitude of the railway interest of the country, and the important relation which it holds to the general prosperity.

One fact brought out by this official report bears gratifying testimony to the increasing efficiency of railway management in its care for the safety of passengers. In the whole country, out of the five hundred and ninety-three millions of passengers carried, only 299 were killed and 3,229 injured. In Minnesota, where six million and forty-six thousand passengers were carried, only one was killed. This presents a remarkable contrast with the record made in former years. The fatalities among employes, however, seem to be unnecessarily large, numbering in the country at large 2,797 killed and 31,728 injured in one way and another. A percentage of these casualties is undoubtedly due to carelessness on the part of the victims themselves, and it is to be remembered also that in cases of collisions and wrecks the trainmen are exposed to peculiar risks; but when all is said it still remains true that the number of serious fatalities is out of proportion to the whole number of men employed. The commission expresses the belief that accidents will diminish with the attainment of greater uniformity in the application of automatic couplers and other appliances on the locomotives and cars. These, it is stated, are being adopted on all new cars ordered by the railway companies.

## Mistaken Sympathy.

THERE is something inexplicable in the readiness with which juries now and then recommend to mercy offenders whom they have convicted of deliberate crimes. Recently an ex-police-captain of this city was arraigned for bribery and levying blackmail on a produce-dealer within his precinct. The evidence was conclusive, being fortified by his own confession, and he was convicted. When called for

sentence the court announced that the jurors had united in recommending the culprit to mercy, and added that "many influential men" in his precinct had made a statement that he "had never endeavored to extort money from them." In consequence of these intercessions, the judge refrained from imposing the maximum penalty, which was none too severe, and the enforcement of which was demanded by every consideration of regard for the public interests. Could there be a greater travesty on justice than this and like performances? How is the law to be made a terror to evil-doers when those who are set to secure its maintenance interfere to prevent the execution of its penalties? If we mean or desire to stamp out crime and rid ourselves of the criminals who are preying upon the life of the community, we must put entirely away the weak emotionalism which so often causes us, in sympathy for the individual, to forget altogether the rights of the public and the claims of justice.

## Bank Robberies.



VERY now and then there appears to be an epidemic of bank robberies. This, however, is only in appearance, and it would be more correct to say that there was an epidemic of discoveries of bank robberies. When one robbery is discovered the other banks attempt to put their houses

in order, and find in many instances defalcations not before even suspected. The queer thing about the banking business is that notwithstanding these frequent house-cleanings many defalcations are passed over and not brought to light. This is proved by the fact that very many of the large robberies have been in process during two and three of these periods. This was notably the case with the recent discovery of the robbery of the Shoe and Leather National Bank of three hundred and fifty-four thousand dollars. Here one of the book-keepers, in charge of only about one-fourth of the individual ledgers—that is, the books recording the accounts of depositors—in collusion with one depositor, had been robbing his bank for more than ten years, and his superior officers had not the slightest suspicion of the fact until he fled the town and his unexplained absence provoked an examination of his books, which disclosed the fact that the bank surplus was wiped out and the capital stock of the institution also impaired. In the later case of the robbery of the National Bank of Commerce by the coupon clerk, the plundering had gone on for fully twenty years. How this could have been possible is inexplicable to the ordinary mind. And yet stranger things have happened.

The writer remembers this instance. In a large Southwestern city there was a bank which was owned and run by several of the wealthiest citizens. The business of the bank was confided, however, almost entirely to the cashier, who had been in the service of the bank for forty years. He was looked upon in the town as a model bank officer and a most exemplary citizen. One afternoon he went to the county jail and said he wished to surrender himself, as he had robbed the bank. The sheriff, having known this cashier all his life, thought the old gentleman was beside himself, but he sent for the president of the bank and several of the directors. When they arrived the cashier informed them that the bank was ruined; he had been robbing it, he said, for more than thirty years, and now not a dollar was left. These officers were as incredulous as the sheriff and would not believe what they had heard. But when they made an examination they found that the cashier had correctly reported the condition of the institution. They were profoundly mortified, and the blow to their pride as business men hurt worse than the loss to their pockets.

This instance is recalled because every time there is a bank defalcation it is suggested that it would be a sure preventive against such thieving to keep bank employes under strict and continuous surveillance. Thus it is suggested that defalcations will be indicated by loose methods of living. In some instances this might be the case, but not always. In the case just mentioned, here was a man who lived a thief for thirty years in a community where every one knew every one else, and his method of life not only suggested no wrong-doing, but was so far from suspicious that his wrong-doing was made easier. Then, again, we are told that if men in responsible positions were paid larger salaries they would be above temptation and therefore would not steal. This suggestion is made upon the theory that integrity has its price. Experience proves that this is not the fact, for just as many of the thieves who rob banks are in high positions as in low. The presidents and the cashiers—men usually with ample salaries—just as frequently make way with the "boodle" as the humbler tellers and book-keepers. And when these higher bank officials go in for plunder they usually make a very clean sweep indeed.

Then, again, it is suggested that entire security can be had against robbery by frequent examinations of accounts and by changing men from duty to duty, so that irregularities cannot be concealed except by extensive collusion and widespread conspiracy. There is something, probably, in this, but even such a system does not bring entire immunity, as we have seen in the recent overhauling of the



Bank of England. In this instance, however, there were not direct robberies of cash, but the plundering was by the indirect method of discounting worthless paper. How extensively these frauds were practiced, the governors of the Bank of England have never informed the public. These frauds were perpetrated by the chief cashier, a position which is looked upon as one of the most desirable and honorable in the world of finance.

The truth appears to be that no general system of bank book-keeping or bank administration can entirely eliminate the chance of fraud. That vigilance will reduce the number of defalcations and the amount of money stolen is obviously true. But neither mechanical, nor arithmetical, nor detective checks can be expected to do away entirely with crookedness. In the last analysis personal integrity is the only sure defense against financial delinquencies. And it is a somewhat encouraging fact that the dishonest men in the civilized world are now only a very small percentage of the whole. With the spread of intelligence and a truer perception of the moral obligation this percentage will grow all the time smaller, for sensible men know now, and all men will sooner or later learn, that the rewards of vice are sure to be misery and remorse. The difficulty which is greatest is that many men look upon their own sins, because they are their own, as not really sins—only pardonable weaknesses. This is a species of incurable insanity, and for insane people there are permanent and safe places of refuge. It may be that even in the good time that is coming there will now and then appear a moral monstrosity. But such can be easily taken care of and prevented from preying on a virtuous public. In the meantime, even with high hopes for the future, it behooves all of us, bank depositors, bank directors, and bank clerks, to be vigilant and alert, never forgetting that these qualities are the price of security.

## WHAT'S GOING ON

No more important office is within the gift of Governor Morton than that of State Superintendent of Banks. It is an office which demands the highest integrity of character, large business sagacity, and the keenest appreciation of the responsibilities of official station. All these qualities meet in Mr. A. S. Richmond, president of the Canajoharie National Bank, who is a candidate for the place, supported by bankers, capitalists, and business men representing one hundred million dollars. Mr. Richmond, while a man of positive convictions, is in no sense a politician, but a banker of trained experience, who would be absolutely certain to administer his office with constant reference to the public interests. His appointment would be hailed with profound satisfaction everywhere throughout the State.

LEUTENANT-GOVERNOR SAXTON expresses the undoubted sentiment of a great majority of the people of this State when he says that "the powers of the Lexow committee should be extended so as to cover every department of our municipal government." It is not only desirable that the people should know whether the corruption which exists in the police department extends to other departments, to the end that punishment may be meted out to all offenders, but it is also necessary that the fullest information should be had as to all defects of the present system of administration, in order that the legislation looking to thorough municipal reform may be at once intelligent and adequate. Great and valuable as the discoveries already made by this committee undoubtedly are, there can be no doubt that a continuance of the investigation will result in disclosures equally if not vastly more important, and the public would view with genuine regret and disappointment a suspension of the inquiry, or its restriction to the lines heretofore pursued.

VERY grave responsibilities rest upon the Legislature now in session at Albany. The success or failure of the movement for municipal reform, and of the popular demand for a reconstruction of the public service in this State on a basis of unselfish patriotism, will depend very largely upon the action of this body. It is yet to be seen whether a majority in both houses are in real sympathy with this demand. It is conceded on all hands that the Republican party is committed to the work of reform, but there are undoubtedly some Republicans in the Legislature who would be quite willing to violate the party engagements if they could thereby promote personal ends or the interests of faction. Men of this class will need to be watched, and, in the event of a betrayal of the cause of reform, held up to deserved opprobrium. In a crisis like the present, involving the highest public interests, the people cannot afford to deal complaisantly with any man, occupying responsible place, who proves either incapable or unfaithful to obligations deliberately assumed.

THE decline in the population of Ireland during the last fifty years has been remarkable. Beginning in 1847, the year after the potato famine, the decrease has gone on continuously, until the population is now only 4,600,000, against 8,300,000 in 1845. The registrar-general, in a recent statement, ascribes the constant decline to three causes, namely: the serious and frequent failure of the potato crop, the emigration stimulated by high wages in America

and the low wages at home, and the lack of manufacturing and industrial occupations. He expresses the belief, however, that in spite of the diminished population the aggregate wealth of Ireland has considerably increased, but he furnishes no statistics in support of this singular opinion. The question may well be raised, in view of these statistics, whether the economic policy which British legislation has imposed upon Ireland can be justified by results, and whether it would not be the part of wisdom, from a broad national view, to encourage the rehabilitation of the industries which that policy has destroyed.

WHILE the distress and suffering in our Eastern communities, resulting from business derangements and want of employment, is not so great as it was last winter, the reports from the Northwest, especially in South Dakota and Nebraska, disclose a state of destitution which is without precedent. Owing to the failure of the crops for two or three years, supplemented by the general business stagnation, the people in many sections are reduced to the last extremities from want of food, fuel, and clothing. In some localities the flesh of horses, killed because of the scarcity of fodder, is being used as food by the famishing owners; in others schools are closed because the pupils have no decent clothing; while in still others the want of fuel of any sort is causing the very severest suffering to isolated families. In ten counties in the northwestern part of Nebraska the destitution is general, and the people, as one correspondent puts it, "are actually wishing they were dead and out of their misery." In the more populous communities, where there are towns of some considerable size, the more fortunate class are giving such help as they can to the sufferers, but the destitution is so widespread and the relief furnished so inadequate, that an appeal for prompt and liberal assistance has been made to the general public by missionaries of the American Sunday School Union stationed in the famine-stricken States. Responses to this appeal, either in the shape of money or of food or clothing, may be sent to the headquarters of the Union, No. 10 Bible House, in this city.

THE refusal of the Turkish government to permit an independent representative of the United States to accompany the commissioners detailed to make an investigation into the Armenian atrocities should not occasion any surprise. The Sultan does not mean that the truth as to these atrocities shall be discovered to the world if he can, by intrigue and lying, prevent it. He is not in the least susceptible to the considerations which influence other rulers; justice, fair play, humane sentiment, are all foreign to his nature and his policy. A striking individual illustration of the atrocious injustice of the Turkish rule is afforded in the case of one Sahag Mahdissian, an Armenian life-exile in the desert of Sahara. Sahag, who was a teacher for American missionaries in an interior town in Turkey, was arrested for translating a Scripture passage into Turkish, for the use of a young Armenian. Upon his trial it was shown that he was entirely innocent of any offense, but he was sentenced, all the same, to be transported to Africa, where he has been under constraint for several years, being denied communication with his friends and deprived of ordinary comforts. A petition representing three hundred thousand Christian women of this country, praying the Sultan for his release, was recently presented to Secretary Gresham, with a request for his friendly offices in the case, but it is not at all probable that any attention will be paid either to the petition or to any appeal which may accompany it. How much longer will the civilized governments of the world permit this utterly barbaric Power to antagonize the common interests of mankind?

## Men and Things.

THE last word about college sports should be spoken within the week after their occurrence. But we are still being regaled by our morning and evening journals with various details of the foot-ball season just past. There are letters from indignant parents; protests from scandalized alumni; and serious editorials by men who know nothing of what they write. The most curious and interesting outcome of the whole hub-bub has been the vindication of Hinkey by a committee of Yale alumni. As one of the papers—more pertinently than usual—asks: "Who is going to vindicate the committee?" I am no champion of Hinkey's, nor of the condition of affairs which demands that a player on one of our most prominent 'varsity teams shall be "vindicated," but I think when I say I have positive information that Wrightington's collar-bone was broken three plays before the one in which it is said Hinkey inflicted the injury that in some measure the committee is vindicated. There is no doubt that Hinkey is a hard and in some cases a vicious player, and there is no doubt that he jumped on Wrightington, which he had a perfect right to do; but there is proof positive that Hinkey's play was not the cause of Wrightington's mishap.

To Mr. Aubrey Beardsley we are indebted for the latest and most complete expression in art of what is known in "these latter days" as the decadent spirit. This spirit, as it is made manifest by the professed possessors of it, seems to fill the purpose of its creators when it excites the audible disgust or derision of those not within the esoteric circles.

Mr. Beardsley has eminent qualifications for the leadership of this little *fin de siècle* group. For he outdistances without dispute any or all who compose it in grotesque nastiness and obscene suggestion. But, added to qualities to which offensive is the only term applicable, he possesses the temperament and technique of the unusual artist, and dislike for the spirit of his work often becomes insignificant beside an uncontrollable admiration for his mastery over line and the subtleties of black and white.

Mr. George Birbeck Hill is the name of the very genial and amiable Oxonian who has just given us his impressions of our oldest university in book form, "Harvard University by an Oxonian." The book in question affords us a very admirable example of the futility of a foreigner—even so cultured an one as Mr. Hill—attempting, after but a few months' sojourn with us, to write authoritatively about the things, people, and places with which he has chanced to come in contact. To Harvard men the book is curious and amusing; to all others—misleading is the mildest word to be used. I need but cite one of the very many evidently unconscious omissions, which quite shows the cursory character of Mr. Hill's knowledge of Harvard. In the chapter on clubs and secret societies there is no mention of or allusion to either the Dickie or the Parcellian, than which there are no more famous college societies in the world.

There is no writer now living whose death would fill his readers with such a deep sense of personal loss as did that of Robert Louis Stevenson. Our poets and storytellers are apt to be but dim phantoms to us—what our imaginings make them—but Stevenson, to all who knew and loved his work, was an intimate, real, companionable, fascinating; and the news of his death was a shock relieved only by the selfish consciousness that all we ever had had of him would remain with us forever. Immortality is his, and let our consolation be that the crown was given him ungrudgingly before he left us. LOUIS EVAN SHIPMAN.

## People Talked About.

—MR. IRVING is taken to account by the *Saturday Review* for a somewhat remarkable slip in a recent public address, in which he quoted certain words as from the German, Stendhal, which are really found in the masterpiece of a famous French author. The *Review* thinks it a pity that when Mr. Irving "strays into quotations from foreign authors whom presumably he has not read, he does not take the trouble to assure himself of their proper nationality." Mr. Irving, by the way, has lately entered a very vigorous protest against the identification of the theatre with the music-hall, and theatrical managers in London are quite generally applauding his stand against the degradation of their profession.

—It is obvious that athletics are not incompatible with the highest religious character and the acutest sympathy with evangelism. Some years ago half a score of Yale students, who had been prominent as athletes, volunteered as missionaries and went to foreign fields. Now Mr. C. M. Gill, who was captain of the Yale foot-ball team for two years and a member of the winning Yale crew for three years, has applied for employment as a missionary to China or Africa, and will, it is said, be assigned to duty by the Presbyterian board. Mr. Gill has shown of what sort of stuff he is by cutting the timber for a little church in Maine, which he afterward built and preached in.

—At least two Indiana statesmen who have been relegated by the people to private life propose to ignore the popular mandate and keep themselves, so far as may be, in public view. Senator Voorhees will enter the lecture-field at the expiration of his term, and Judge Holman will employ his time, after leaving the House, in writing a book. Perhaps most people would be quite content that both of these gentlemen should remain in permanent obscurity; but it must be admitted that in deciding to keep in more or less active touch with the public they merely follow out a tendency which is generally prevalent among public men of the more meretricious sort.

—It is said that Mr. Thomas C. Platt has given up the pew in Dr. Parkhurst's church which he has held for several years, and will hereafter sit under the ministrations of a Reformed pastor. Whether this change is due to a difference of opinion as to the doctrine of "total depravity," which Dr. Parkhurst, as a true Calvinist, is supposed to maintain, or to the fact that the Reformed divine has expressed a conviction that "bosses are necessary in both politics and the church," the newspapers do not inform us.

—The selection of John W. Foster, ex-Secretary of State, as special adviser of the Chinese plenipotentiaries to Japan in the negotiations for peace, may be accepted as an evidence that the services he has for some time past rendered China, in the capacity of special counsel in this country, are fully appreciated by that Power. Mr. Foster is a skilled diplomatist, and it is fair to suppose that his efforts in his new capacity will look to an adjustment of the existing war on a basis of justice and fair play.

—The voluntary withdrawal of Mr. Manderson, of Nebraska, from the United States Senate will be a distinct loss to that body, of which he has been an influential and useful member. His purpose in retiring is to earn money enough in his profession to secure a comfortable old age.





JESSIE BARTLETT DAVIS AS "IDALIA."  
MACDONALD AS "LOUIS BIRON."



BARNABEE, AND D. ELOISE MORGAN AS "NINETTE."



BARNABEE AND FROTHINGHAM.



COWLES, MACDONALD AND BARNABEE AS  
"LE GRABBE," "LOUIS BIRON," AND "LA FONTAINE."



VICTOR HERBERT, COMPOSER OF THE MUSIC.



THE HERALDS.

THE COMIC OPERA, "PRINCE ANANIAS," AS PERFORMED BY THE BOSTONIANS AT THE BROADWAY THEATRE.



"I MUST FIND HIM."



"I LOVE YOU."



"OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT."

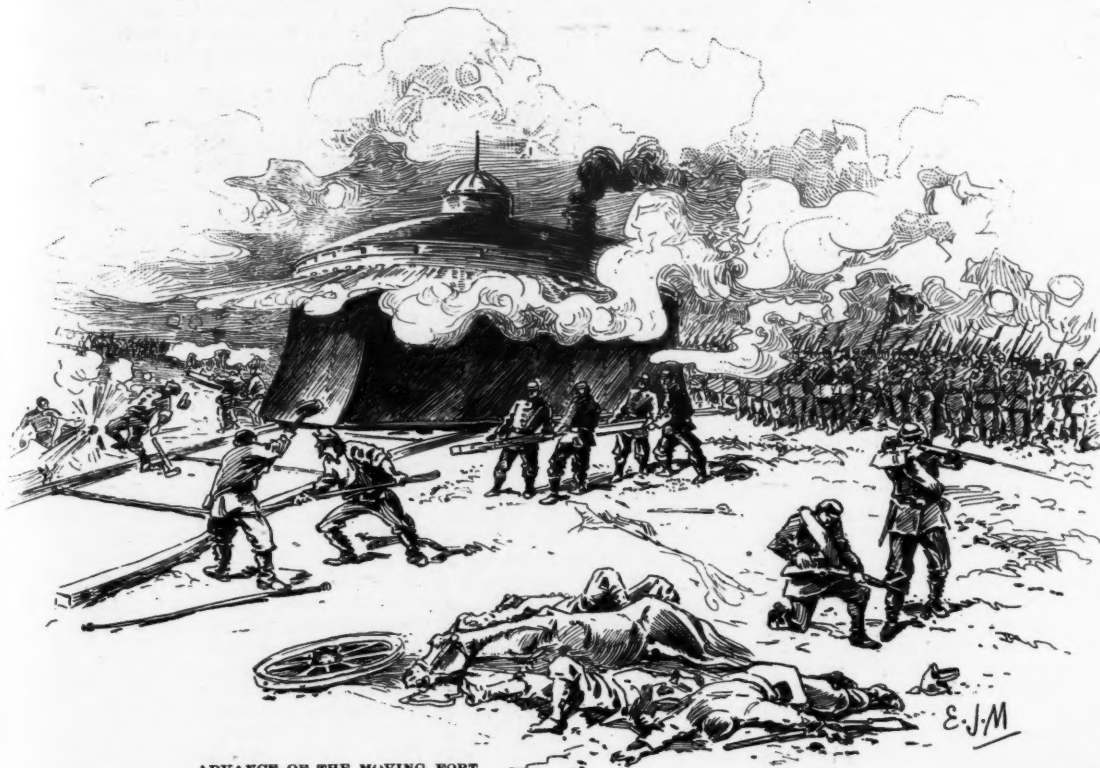
SITUATIONS IN THE FARCE-COMEDY OF "TOO MUCH JOHNSON," AT THE STANDARD THEATRE.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY SABONY.—[SEE PAGE 27.]



## COMING CURIOSITIES OF WARFARE.

ALMOST a quarter of a century has passed since there was a great war between civilized Powers. Human ingenuity has in that period put a vastly different complexion on our daily lives. We have brought into use a surprising number of appliances for comfort and luxury that are simple and effective. The next great contest will show how far this ingenuity has revolutionized the methods and added to the machinery of modern warfare. The result cannot fail to be amazing. Not even the thought of the blood that must be shed—and all authorities seem to agree that the carnage in the next great war will be enormous—can obliterate the picturesque features of a struggle between men—and even horses—weighted down perhaps by bullet-proof coats, and equipped with military bicycles, dirigible balloons, "fog-dispensers," carrion flies, trained dogs, and pet pigeons.

By the time that war shall have been begun the so-called bullet-proof cloths will have been sufficiently tested, and they will



ADVANCE OF THE MOVING FORT.

either furnish an essential portion of the equipment of at least one of the contending armies, or have been relegated to the museums.

If Herr Dowe's cuirass of "hardened cloth," with its "asbestos-like fibres," were what he declared, it will be indispensable for uniforms. It remains to be seen whether any such "cloth" can be made thin enough and light enough in weight to be available for the use of army tailors. The weight of the jacket heretofore exhibited is too great to warrant adding it to the foot soldier's paraphernalia. Cavalrymen might be able to wear such cuirasses. A writer asserts that in the Dowe coat a series of small metal blades, of great keenness of edge, are arranged so as to meet, edge on, any bullet impinging on the cuirass, and that these knives cut the bullet up into bits. This layer of knives he says is fastened between an outer and an inner coating of water-proof cloth, and he explains Herr Dowe's assertion that neither steel nor iron is used in the bullet-proof coat by declaring that these knives are made of aluminum. But the practical test to which German military experts put the Dowe coat at Spandau some months ago, the results of which have recently been made public, seems to have eliminated this coat, for the present, from the military equations. These experts said that with the service rifle, model of 1888, they pierced two cuirasses—one in May and one in June. They concluded that the cuirass would not answer the purpose for which it was made, and declared that Captain Marrin, the real inventor of the Dowe coat, who had put the Mannheim tailor forward as a figure-head, had consented to their test. As if this were not enough, Dowe himself was wounded on the evening of August 20th last, in the course of a performance at Aachen, a bullet piercing his cuirass. Armin Tenner, superintendent of the American Testing Institution, says bullet-proof coats of this kind are valueless except at close range, offering no protection at a distance of nine hundred yards. He says: "A 30-calibre United States military rifle bullet or the 8-mm German or Austrian projectile will penetrate through two solid bricks at a distance of two thousand yards, but they will deform, yes, go to pieces, when fired into soft clay at a distance of forty to one hundred feet."

Bullet-proof coats may, therefore, be left out of consideration for the present.

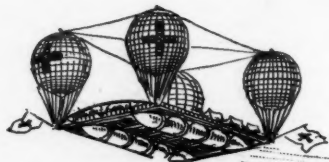
Balloons were used in the last great war between Frenchmen and Germans; captive balloons are conceded to have uses as yet undemonstrated but entirely practicable. The wounded could be hoisted out of harm's way in a hospital built on a rectangular platform, each corner of which should be supported by a captive balloon, which might as easily carry the fresh meat and other stores into a higher, purer atmosphere and convey camp baggage. But it is to the dirigible balloon that all eyes will be turned. The secret of steering air-ships at will is said to be in the possession to-day of both France and Germany. That alone may be the key to success. From a dirigible balloon explosives powerful enough to annihilate ships and army corps might be dropped with impunity. The new explosives themselves will constitute, perhaps, the most powerful weapons in use. Not those high explosives with which we are already



SKIRMISHING ON BICYCLES.

familiar, in print at least, but other and newer and more deadly, such, for example, as that gas, one capsule of which Professor R. S. McCullough used to say, would dissolve and blur instantaneously the life of every breathing thing in the vicinity. That capsule might itself be made light enough to float on the wind and dissolve in the sun, or to be discharged from the muzzle of a great piece of field artillery, especially designed for the purpose, which would project the strange missile gently through the air until it burst over the enemy's camp. The feasibility of such a gentle projection of a delicate missile was demonstrated in the pneumatic torpedo-gun, which utilizes compressed air to hurl high explosives. There has been a suggestion that blunderbusses could be contrived to throw deadly vapors into a hostile community—hence the term "fog-dispenser" applied to one of the new weapons whose merits are yet to be tested.

President Peixotto's Brazilian army was equipped early in the recent war with balloons of silk, spherical in form, steered by electric motors, made, like the cars, of aluminum. These were said to be the dirigible balloon at its latest and best, the realization of a dream of military experts. From their cars bombs containing high explosives were to be dropped upon the decks of hostile vessels. Yet Captain Zalinski has himself shown how ordinary guns upon those hostile vessels might readily be elevated so as to fire vertically and destroy such war balloons even at the height of two miles.



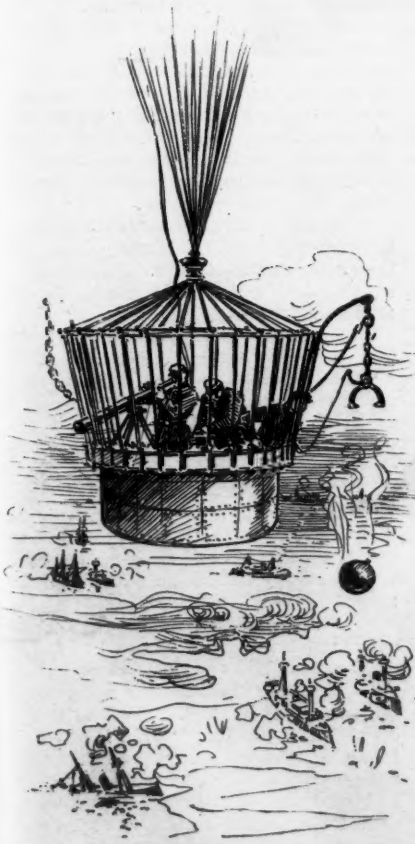
THE AERIAL HOSPITAL.

The mysterious invention of M. Turpin, for the sale of which he is said to have begun negotiations with Germany, when France brought him back to his duty to his native land, is as yet unknown practically. M. Turpin's own estimate of the value of the "electric mitrailleuse," which, as he says, will sweep whole army corps off the face of the earth, is high—only one round million.

In an interview on the subject M. Turpin described his latest invention as follows: "I have," he said, "applied to the cannon the principle of mitrailleuses with absolutely automatic loading apparatus. The gunner is done away with, and the liquified gas or other explosive is at once my motor and my ammunition. It is only a question of machinery, but the trouble is with the supplies. To take my weapon into action I want an immense quantity of ammunition, and that is why I need a steamer or a train to carry all at once. The railway would thus become a sort of line of defense, and a hostile force might be inclosed in them as in a polygon of iron. An army on the march would only have to put in its front one of my weapons, armored, of course, to be able to advance whither it like with impunity. It is a fan of fire, covering, if need be, a circle twelve kilometres in diameter and sweeping away everything before it."

Turpin's many-tubed cannon would, says M. Laur, discharge little shells only a few centimetres in diameter. He seems to have started from the idea of the revolver cannons,

(Continued on page 23.)



DROPPING HIGH EXPLOSIVES FROM A BALLOON.



# THE STARK MUNRO LETTERS.\*

As written by J. Stark Munro to his friend and former fellow-student, Herbert Swanborough, of Lowell, Massachusetts, during the years 1881-84.

EDITED AND ARRANGED BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

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## VII.

### 1, THE PARADE, BRADFELD,

March 9th, 1882.



ELL, you see I am as good as my word, Bertie, and here is a full account of this queer little sample gouged out of real life, never to be seen, I should fancy, by any eyes

save your own. I have written to Horton also, and of course to my mother, but I don't go into detail with them as I have got into the way of doing with you. You keep on assuring me that you like it, so on your own head be it if you find my experiences gradually developing into a weariness.

When I woke in the morning and looked round at the bare walls and the basin on the packing-case, I hardly knew where I was. Cullingworth came charging into the room in his dressing-gown, however, and roused me effectually by putting his hands on the rail at the end of the bed and throwing a somersault over it which brought his heels on to my pillow with a thud. He was in great spirits, and, squatting on the bed, he held forth about his plans while I dressed.

"I tell you one of the first things I mean to do, Munro," said he. "I mean to have a paper of my own. We'll start a weekly paper here, you and I, and we'll make them sit up all round. We'll have an organ of our own, just like every French politician. If any one crosses us we'll make them wish they had never been born. Eh, what, laddie—what d'you think? So clever, Munro, that everybody's bound to read it, and so scathing that it will just fetch out blisters every time. Don't you think we could?"

"What politics?" I asked.

"Oh, curse the politics! Red pepper well rubbed in; that's my idea of a paper. Call it the *Scorpion*. Chaff the mayor and the council until they call a meeting and hang themselves. I'd do the snappy paragraphs and you would do the fiction and poetry. I thought about it during the night, and Hetty has written to Murdoch's to get an estimate for the printing. We might get our first number out this day week."

"My dear chap—" I gasped.

"I want you to start a novel this morning. You won't get many patients at first and you'll have lots of time."

"But I never wrote a line in my life. I have as much imagination as a steam-roller!"

"A properly-balanced man can do anything he sets his hand to. He's got every possible quality inside him, and all he wants is the will to develop it."

"Could you write a novel yourself?" I asked.

"Of course I could. Such a novel, Munro, that when they'd read the first chapter the folk would just sit groaning until the second came out. They'd wait in rows outside my door in the hope of hearing what was coming next. By Crums, I'll go and begin it now!" And with another somersault over the end of the bed he rushed from the room, with the tassels of his dressing-gown flying behind him.

I dare say you've quite come to the conclusion by this time that Cullingworth is simply an interesting pathological study, a man in the first stage of lunacy or general paralysis. You might not be so sure about it if you were in close contact with him. He justifies his wildest flights by what he does. It sounds grotesque when put down in black and white, but then it would have sounded equally grotesque a year ago if he had said that he would build up a huge practice in a twelvemonth. Now we see that he has done it. His possibilities are immense. He has such huge energy at the back of his fertility of invention. I am afraid, on thinking over all that I have written to you, that I may have given you a false impression of the man by dwelling too much on those incidents in which he has shown the strange and violent side of his character, and omitting the stretches between, where his wisdom and judgment have had a chance. His conversation, when he does not fly off at a tangent, is full of pith and idea.

\* Commenced in the issue of December 18th.

"The greatest monument ever erected to Napoleon Bonaparte was the British national debt," said he yesterday. Again, "We must never forget that the principal export of Great Britain to the United States is the United States." Again, speaking of Christianity, "What is intellectually unsound cannot be morally sound." He shoots off a whole column of aphorisms in a single evening. I should like to have a man with a note-book always beside him to gather up his waste. No; you must not let me give you a false impression of the man's capacity. On the other hand, it would be dishonest to deny that I think him thoroughly unscrupulous and full of very sinister traits. I am much mistaken, however, if he has not very fine strata in his nature. He is capable of rising to heights as well as of sinking to depths.

Well, when we had breakfasted we got into the carriage and drove off to the place of business.

"I suppose you are surprised at Hetty coming with us," said Cullingworth, slapping me on the knee. "Hetty, Munro is wondering what the devil you are here for, only he is too polite to ask."

In fact, it had struck me as rather strange that she should, as a matter of course, accompany us to business.

"You'll see when we get there," he cried, chuckling. "We run this affair on lines of our own."

It was not very far, and we soon found ourselves outside a square, whitewashed building, which had a huge "Dr. Cullingworth" on a great brass plate at the side of the door. Underneath was printed, "may be consulted gratis from 10 to 4." The door was open, and I caught a glimpse of a crowd of people waiting in the hall.

"How many here?" asked Cullingworth of the page-boy.

"A hundred and forty, sir."

"All the waiting-rooms full?"

"Yes, sir."

"Courtyard full?"

"Yes, sir."

"Stable full?"

"Yes, sir."

"Coach-house full?"

"There's still room in the coach-house, sir."

"Ah, I'm sorry we haven't got a crowded day for you, Munro," said he. "Of course we can't command these things, and must take them as they come. Now then, now then, make a gangway, can't you!"—this to his patients. "Come in here, Munro, and see the waiting-rooms. Pooh! what an atmosphere! Why on earth can't you open the windows for yourselves? I never saw such folk. There are thirty people in this room, Munro, and not one with sense enough to open a window to save himself from suffocation."

"I tried, sir, but there's a screw through the sash," cried one fellow.

"Ah, my good fellow, you'll never get on in the world if you can't open a window without raising a sash," said Cullingworth, slapping him on the shoulder. He took the man's umbrella and stuck it through two of the panes of glass.

"That's the way!" he said. "Boy, see that the screw is taken out. Now then, Munro, come along and we'll get to work."

We went up a wooden stair, uncarpeted, leaving every room beneath us, as far as I could see, crowded with patients. At the top was a bare passage, which had two rooms opposite to each other at one end, and a single one at the other.

"This is my consulting-room," said he, leading the way into one of these. It was a good-sized square chamber, perfectly empty, save for two plain wooden chairs and an unpainted table with two books and a stethoscope upon it. "It doesn't look like four or five thousand a year, does it? Now, there is an exactly similar one opposite which you can have for yourself. I'll send across any surgical cases which may turn up. To-day, however, I think you had better stay with me and see how I work things."

"I should very much like to," said I.

"There are one or two elementary rules to be observed in the way of handling patients," he remarked, seating himself on the table and swinging his legs. "The most obvious is that you must never let them see that you want them. It should be pure condescension on your part seeing them at all, and the more difficulties you throw in the way of it the more they think of it. Break your patients in early and keep them well to heel. Never make the fatal mistake of being polite to them. Many foolish young men

fall into this habit and are ruined in consequence. Now, this is my form,"—he sprang to the door, and putting his two hands to his mouth, he bellowed: "Stop your confounded jabbering down there! I might as well be living above a poultry-show. There, you see," he added to me, "they will think ever-so-much more of me for that."

"But don't they get offended?" I asked.

"I'm afraid not. I have a name for this sort of thing now, and they have come to expect it. But an offended patient—I mean a thoroughly insulted one—is the finest advertisement in the world. If it is a woman she runs clacking about among her friends until your name becomes a household word, and they all pretend to sympathize with her, and agree among themselves that you must be a remarkably discerning man. I quarreled with one man about the state of his liver, and it ended by my throwing him down the stairs. What was the result? He talked so much about it that the whole village from which he came, sick and well, trooped to see me. The little country practitioner, who had been buttering them up for a quarter of a century, found that he might as well put up his shutters. It's human nature, my boy, and you can't alter it. Eh, what? You make yourself cheap and you become cheap. You put a high price on yourself and they rate you at that price. Suppose I set up in Harley Street tomorrow and made it all nice and easy, with hours from 10 to 3; do you think I would get a patient? I might starve first. How would I work it? I should let it be known that I only saw patients from midnight until two in the morning, and that bald-headed people must pay double. That would set people talking, their curiosity would be stimulated, and in four months the street would be blocked all night. Eh, what, laddie—you'd go yourself. That's my principle here. I often come in of a morning and send them all off about their business; tell them I'm going to the country for a day. I turn away forty pounds, and it's worth four hundred as an advertisement!"

"But I understood from the plate that the consultations were gratis."

"So they are, but they have to pay for the medicine. And if a patient wishes to come out of turn he has to pay half-a-guinea for the privilege. There are generally about twenty every day who would rather pay that than wait several hours. But mind you, Munro, don't you make any mistake about this! All this would go for nothing if you had not something solid behind—I cure them. That's the point. I take cases that others have despaired of, and I cure them right off. All the rest is only to bring them here. But once here, I keep them on my merits. It would all be a flash in the pan but for that. Now come along and see Hetty's department."

We walked down the passage to the other room. It was elaborately fitted up as a dispensary, and there, with a *chic* little apron, Mrs. Cullingworth was busy making up pills. With her sleeves turned up and a litter of glasses and bottles all around her, she was laughing away like a little child among its toys.

"The best dispenser in the world," cried Cullingworth, patting her on the shoulder. "You see how I do it, Munro. I write on a label what the prescription is, and make a sign which shows how much is to be charged. The man comes along the passage and passes the label through the pigeon-hole. Hetty makes it up, passes out the bottle, and takes the money. Now come on and clear some of these folk out of the house."

It is impossible for me to give you any idea of that long line of patients, filing hour after hour through the unfurnished room, and departing, some amused and some frightened, with their labels in their hands. Cullingworth's antics are beyond belief. I laughed until I thought the wooden chair under me would have come to pieces. He roared, he raved, he swore, he pushed them about, slapped them on the back, shoved them against the wall, and occasionally rushed out to the head of the stair to address them *en masse*. At the same time, behind all this tomfoolery, I, watching his prescriptions, could see a quickness of diagnosis, a scientific insight, and a daring and unconventional use of drugs, which satisfied me that he was right in saying that under all this charlatanism there lay solid reasons for his success. Indeed, charlatanism is a misapplied word in

this connection, for it would describe the doctor who puts on an artificial and conventional manner with his patients, rather than one who is absolutely frank and true to his own extraordinary nature.

To some of his patients he neither said one word nor did he allow them to say one. With a loud "Hush!" he would rush at them, thump them on the chest, listen to their heart, write their labels, and then run them out of the room by their shoulders. One poor old lady he greeted with a horrible scream. "You've been drinking too much tea!" he roared. "You are suffering from tea-poisoning!" Then, without allowing her to get a word in, he clutched her by her crackling black mantle, dragged her up to the table, and held out a copy of Taylor's "Medical Jurisprudence" which was lying there. "Put your hand on the book," he thundered, "and swear that for fourteen days you will drink nothing but cocoa." She swore with upturned eyes, and was instantly whirled off with her label in her hand to the dispensary. I could imagine that to the last day of her life the old lady would talk of her interview with Cullingworth, and I could well understand how the village from which she came would send fresh recruits to block up his waiting-rooms.

Another portly person was seized by the two armholes of his waistcoat just as he was opening his mouth to explain his symptoms, and was rushed backwards down the passage, down the stairs, and finally into the street, to the immense delight of the assembled patients. "You eat too much, drink too much, and sleep too much," Cullingworth roared after him. "Knock down a policeman and come again when they let you out." Another patient complained of a "sinking feeling." "My dear," said he, "take your medicine, and if that does no good, swallow the cork, for there is nothing better when you are sinking."

As far as I could judge, the bulk of the patients looked upon a morning at Cullingworth's as a most enthralling public entertainment, tempered only by a thrill lest it should be their turn next to be made an exhibition of.

Well, with half an hour for lunch, this extraordinary business went on until a quarter to four in the afternoon. When the last patient had departed, Cullingworth led the way into the dispensary, where the fees had been arranged upon the counter in the order of their value, making thirty-two pounds eight and sixpence in all. Cullingworth counted it up, and then, mixing the gold and silver into one heap, he sat running his fingers through it and playing with it. Finally he raked it into the canvas bag which I had seen the night before, and lashed the neck up with a boot-lace.

We walked home, and that walk struck me as the most extraordinary part of all that extraordinary day. Cullingworth paraded slowly through the principal streets with his canvas bag full of money outstretched at the full length of his arm. His wife and I walked on either side, like two acolytes supporting a priest, and so we made our way solemnly homewards, the people stopping to see us pass.

"I always make a point of walking through the doctors' quarter," said Cullingworth. "We are passing through it now. They all come to their windows and gnash their teeth and dance until I am out of sight."

"Why should you quarrel with them? What is the matter with them?" I asked.

"Pooh! What's the use of being mealy-mouthed about it?" said he. "We are all trying to cut each others' throats, and why should we be hypocritical over it? They haven't got a good word for me, any one of them, so I like to take a rise out of them."

"I must say that I can see no sense in that. They are your brothers in the profession, with the same education and the same knowledge. Why should you take an offensive attitude toward them?"

"That's what I say, Dr. Munro," cried his wife. "It is so very unpleasant to feel that one is surrounded by enemies on every side."

"Hetty's roiled because their wives wouldn't call upon her," he cried. "Look at that, my dear," jingling his bag. "That is better than having a lot of brainless women drinking tea and cackling in your drawing-room. I've had a big card printed, Munro, saying that we don't desire to increase the circle of our acquaintance. The maid has orders to show it to every suspicious person who calls."



"Why should you not take money at your practice, and yet remain on good terms with your professional brethren?" said I. "You speak as if the two things were incompatible."

"So they are. What's the good of beating about the bush, laddie? My methods are all unprofessional, and I break every law of medical etiquette as often as I can think of it. You know very well that the British Medical Association would hold up their hands in horror if they could see what you have seen to-day."

"But why not conform to professional etiquette?"

"Because I know better. My boy, I am a doctor's son, and I've seen too much of it. I was born inside the machine and I've seen all the wires. All this etiquette is a dodge for keeping the business in the hands of the older men. It's to hold the young men back and to stop the holes by which they might slip through to the front. I've heard my father say so a score of times. He had the largest practice in Scotland, and yet he was absolutely devoid of brains. He slipped into it through seniority and decorum. No pushing, but take your turn. Very well, laddie, when you're at the top of the line, but how about it when you've just taken your place at the tail? When I'm on the top rung I shall look down and say, 'Now, you youngsters, we are going to have very strict etiquette, and I beg that you will come up very quietly and not disarrange me from my comfortable position.' At the same time, if they do what I tell them, I shall look upon them as a lot of infernal blockheads. Eh, Munro, what?"

I could only say again that I thought he took a very low view of the profession, and that I disagreed with every word he said.

"Well, my boy, you may disagree as much as you like, but if you are going to work with me you must throw etiquette to the devil!"

"I can't do that."

"Well, if you are too clean-handed for the job you can clear out. We can't keep you here against your will."

I said nothing, but when we got back I went up-stairs and packed up my trunk with every intention of going back to Yorkshire by the night train. He came up to my room and, finding what I was at, he burst into apologies which would have satisfied a more exacting man than I am.

"You shall do just exactly what you like, my dear chap. If you don't like my way you may try some of your own."

"That's fair enough," said I. "But it's a little trying to a man's self-respect if he is told to clear out every time there is a difference of opinion."

"Well, well, there was no harm meant, and it shan't occur again. I can't possibly say more than that, so come along down and have a cup of tea."

And so the matter blew over, but I very much fear, Bertie, that this is the first row of a series. I have a presentiment that, sooner or later, my position here will become untenable. Still, I shall give it a fair trial as long as he will let me. Cullingworth is a fellow who likes to have nothing but inferiors and dependents round him. Now, I like to stand on my own legs and think with my own mind. If he'll let me do this we'll get along very well; but if I know the man he will claim submission, which is more than I am inclined to give. He has a right to my gratitude, which I freely admit. He has found an opening for me when I badly needed one and had no immediate prospects. But still one may pay too high a price even for that, and I should feel that I was doing so if I had to give up my individuality and my manhood.

(To be continued.)

## Coming Curiosities of Warfare.

(Continued from page 21.)

fixed on a pivot, which are used in the navy, but he has found the means of loading automatically and keeping up a continuous and all-destroying fire. That is why he requires a steamer or train to carry tons of ammunition. By methodically turning the gun every inch of a circle twelve kilometres in the diameter can be covered, and as each shell contains an explosive, it would on touching the ground burst and scatter destruction around it.

Turpin has set the genius of France to work at new machines of war. The French Minister of War received proposals, not long since, from the professor of one of the principal colleges in Paris that large blow-flies be bred and kept in cages, being fed upon blood placed between the artificial skin of lay figures dressed up in the German uniform. When war was declared these flies, he explained, could be rendered venomous by feeding them on the sap of tropical plants and taken to the front in their cages, from which they would be released, to make short work of the enemy. Another patriot suggested that dogs should be trained to

bite lay figures wearing the German uniform, and that each soldier should be accompanied by a dog in time of war.

The most venomous, however, of all recent appliances for the destruction, in action, of human life seems to be the one described in a dispatch from Paris: "A French officer has submitted to the War Ministry a rifle that will project a stream of vitriol for a distance of seventy metres. He proposes that the weapon be used only against savages, to prevent their making frenzied rushes."

The military bicycle will have its first practical trial in the next great war. Already the European caricaturists are amusing themselves by depicting on paper combats between forces mounted on military bicycles and armored in Dowe coats. The French War Office has adopted the Noel bicycle, weighing thirty pounds, costing only fifty dollars, made in France, and capable of being folded and slung in a light pack on the bicyclist's back. General Albert Ordway, Adjutant-General of the District of Columbia, and himself an enthusiastic wheelman, has issued a manual for the use of military bicycles in the United States. Last September an army lieutenant rode from Cheyenne to Omaha on his wheel, for the purpose of demonstrating the efficiency of the bicycle on long marches. He had his wheel rigged so as to show the feasibility of carrying the usual equipments of soldiers in the field.

As General Brooke will make a recommendation to the War Department, it is believed, on the strength of this test, more is likely to come of this interesting innovation than did of the United States Camel Corps, founded on the Act of Congress approved March 3, 1853, appropriating thirty thousand dollars for the purchase and importation of camels to be used for army transportation. Mr. Jefferson Davis, then Secretary of War, sent Major Henry C. Wayne, from New York City, on this mission May 20, 1855. All that ever came of it was a band of gaunt camels running wild in southwestern Arizona, furnishing material for prospectors' tales and blood-curdling yarns told to tenderfeet.

Like the war-balloon, the pigeon post was proven practically useful in the siege of Paris in 1870. All the European armies are now equipped with trained pigeons. Germany is supposed to possess the most effective service, having at Strasburg six hundred birds, at Metz six hundred, and at Thorn one thousand. They are kept by the hundreds at other centres, such as Mainz, Cologne, Kiel, and Danzig. The whole frontier is connected by pigeon post with the military headquarters and with towns in the interior. The service is supported by an appropriation of about nine thousand dollars a year. Russia has on her Polish frontier three thousand birds, and appropriates yearly ten thousand dollars for pigeons. The French appropriation is twice as large.

Inventive genius has been specially directed to the armor-piercing shell of late years. The Carpenter projectiles made in Pennsylvania and used by the United States Navy are highly considered by critics. A young Philadelphian, Francis J. Breuil, has recently demonstrated by practical tests that he possesses the secrets of a process likely to produce projectiles still more formidable. The Russian government also claims to have made a recent advance in the manufacture of shells. Fired from a six-inch Oboukhoff gun, the Russian shell pierced ten-inch Harveyized armor-plates and sped some thousands of yards to the rear, being found undamaged. The latest improved Holtzer shells, similarly fixed, are said to have been stopped and smashed by the same plates.

It was no stranger for William Cramp & Sons to propose to the British admiralty to bid for the construction on the Delaware of war-ships which might be called on to fire at the Stars and Stripes than it was for the British government to order, last May, five hundred tons of compressed fodder to be delivered from Chicago to Portsmouth. That was a genuine curiosity of war. Britain buys her horse-food and her ships in the best market, and the United States expects to profit in these and many other ways by the next war. The Cramps have built the best cruisers afloat for their own government. It is natural for foreign navies to look to them. If necessity used to be the mother of invention, war has since adopted the child.

The war-chariot may come back with coat-armor. When David John Nicholl, the agitator, was released from Chelmsford prison, his friends gathered about the Liverpool Street station in London to bid him welcome. The crowd cheered, and after a while began to sing the Marseillaise. No matter how little he knows about the language and literature of the French people, a man who wants to give tuneful voice to his rebellious feelings is apt to choose Rouget de l'Isle's famous hymn as his text. Mr. Nicholl's friends, who were anarchists, the police said, sang so loud as to start a small riot. The officers of the law bade them disperse, but in

vain. Finally the police had an inspiration, which is described in action as follows: "They procured a number of cabs and drove them headlong into the crowd, which then scattered in every direction." Here was a harking back to war-chariots, of which Pharaoh had six hundred, B. C. 1491, and which Brithonius of Athens invented in B. C. 1588. To make their cabs deadly enough to use in actual warfare the police would only need to put spikes on the horses' heads and breasts, and sword-blades on the hubs of the cab wheels.

The curious may be reminded by this how often in history utensils of the household and barnyard have done duty as weapons in actual warfare. A tool need not have been made for slaughter to be in fact well fitted for warlike uses. The umbrella, almost an opera-bouffe weapon, has been used to commit several homicides in this country, and General John Hewston unintentionally, but effectually, killed a man in London with an umbrella in May. The Prophet Micah (iv., 3) describes how "in the last days" the nations "shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks" or "scythes." It was precisely these scythes that the Assyrians used to arm the wheels of their wonderful war-chariots. This interchangeability of the implements of peace and the weapons of war was shown in the exhortation of the Prophet Amos (iii., 10): "Beat your plowshares into swords and your pruning hooks into spears." The Bible relates a number of such instances.

Captain Edmund L. Zalinski, of the United States Army (retired), has been made famous by his successful use of shells holding very large charges of high explosives as missiles to be propelled from cannon. The only practical use of the air-gun yet known is illustrated by the pneumatic torpedo-gun, sometimes called the Zalinski gun. While Captain Zalinski does not claim to have invented this formidable weapon, he directed its development and deserves the credit for its having become one of the most formidable of war appliances. It was Zalinski who demonstrated in this country and in Europe its utility in warfare. Shells containing as much as five hundred pounds of dynamite or explosive gelatine have been fired from the pneumatic gun with safety and precision. By the latest test at Sandy Hook in September, 1894, it was shown that a succession of shells loaded each with two hundred pounds of nitro-gelatin could be fired so as to fall within limits 20 by 130 feet. The propelling force, instead of being gunpowder, as is ordinarily the case, was compressed air. To harness this air and compel it to do the work behind a dynamite shell that the gases confined in gunpowder do behind a solid shot was a difficult task. He stated to the writer some years ago that were a hostile fleet to set sail from Europe for New York, a means of defense could be equipped so as to oppose an attacking force without the employment of a single engine of recognized warfare. He explained details in a way which clearly attested its feasibility. Captain Zalinski, however, deprecated the idea of having to resort to improvised means of defense, claiming that it is the duty of the nation to take every precaution which modern science shall indicate as possible, and resort only to emergency methods when all else has been tried and failed. JOHN PAUL BOCK.

## The Irrigation of Arid Lands.

CONGESTION of our older communities usually finds relief in the development of new land areas. Paralyzed industry obtains new vitality by the creation of freer activities. The West, ever varying in its limits, has always seen the earliest of these renewals favorably reacting upon our manufacturing and commercial centres. The national "bear" policy now in vogue has had no more notable illustration of its essentially unpatriotic cowardice than is seen in the depreciation and indifference that has attended all references, legislative and administrative, or commentative by a partisan press, to the remarkable growth of irrigation in our arid West. The only reply to reasonable appeals from the people and States interested for fuller inquiry and fairer discussion has been contemptuous insults at Washington, or ignorant assertions there and elsewhere.

Let us see! Nearly one-half of our national domain, excluding Alaska, is found beyond the 98th meridian of west longitude. This area will contain over 1,100,000,000 acres. Besides the area privately owned it is divisible into:

Acres.	
United States public lands open for settlement.....	570,000,000
Texas public lands open for settlement.....	80,000,000
Unsold railroad and other grant lands.....	50,000,000
Total for settlement.....	700,000,000

The public domain proper will contain about 125,000,000 more acres, held for settlement of Mexican grant, titles, Indian reservations, etc.

This will leave in private hands or corporate ownership, 275,000,000 acres. The private area industrially occupied will not be over one-third thereof. So it may be fairly assumed that a billion acres remain undeveloped within the confines of arid America. A fair division for utilization would be:

Acres.	
Arable lands, if water can be had.....	250,000,000
Pastoral lands.....	350,000,000
Timber lands.....	50,000,000
Water surfaces.....	20,000,000
Actual desert areas.....	30,000,000
The high ranges, etc.....	800,000,000
Total.....	1,000,000,000

The lowest estimates for water supply yet made are those of Major Powell, of 100,000,000 acres in 1890, and of about 60,000,000 last year. My own estimate is a present supply "in sight" of 120,000,000 acres, and Major Wheeler, when in charge of army surveys, estimated 240,000,000 acres as the limit. At this writing the area of Western land under irrigation cultivation is estimated at 8,567,000 acres. California is credited with 3,000,000, Colorado with 2,000,000, and 2,500,000 more are located in Arizona, Wyoming, New Mexico, Montana, Idaho, Nebraska, Kansas, and North Dakota. The balance is found in Texas, Nevada, Utah, Washington, Oregon, South Dakota, and Oklahoma. Of this area about half is devoted to alfalfa and other hay and forage crops. Wyoming, for instance, is credited with 500,000 cultivated acres, mainly grass. Three million acres are used under irrigation for grain, root, and similar crops, and the balance is given over to fruit orchards, vineyards, gardens, and other special crops.

The interesting and important fact is the value added by this development to the nation's budget. Let us see. Analysis gives some striking figures: Orchards and other fruit areas, 567,000 acres, returning, net, \$50 per acre—total of \$28,350,000; grass, etc., 5,000,000 acres, returning \$30 per acre—a total of \$150,000,000; grain, root, and other food crops, 3,000,000 acres, at \$12 per acre, return—\$36,000,000. These estimates make a total return for the past agricultural year of \$214,350,000, or an average of \$25 per acre. Ten years since there was not over 3,300,000 irrigated acres, and over one-half of that was used simply for fattening cattle; the average return per acre being not more than \$12.

These returns are very conservatively given, but the figures of cost are even more surprising. The United States census irrigation returns, five years old, give \$15 per acre, or a total of \$52,500,000. This area, moderate in extent as it is, forms an important addition to taxable values and national wealth. Its significance becomes astoundingly important upon more rigid analysis. If the census figures, which are used here, err, they do so on the safe side. Its estimate of value was:

Irrigated land, per acre.....	\$8.28
Water rights.....	26.00
Total, 1889-90.....	\$114.28

The value of our present irrigated area will be:

Land (8,567,000 acres).....	\$754,985,700
Water rights.....	222,742,000
Total.....	\$977,027,700

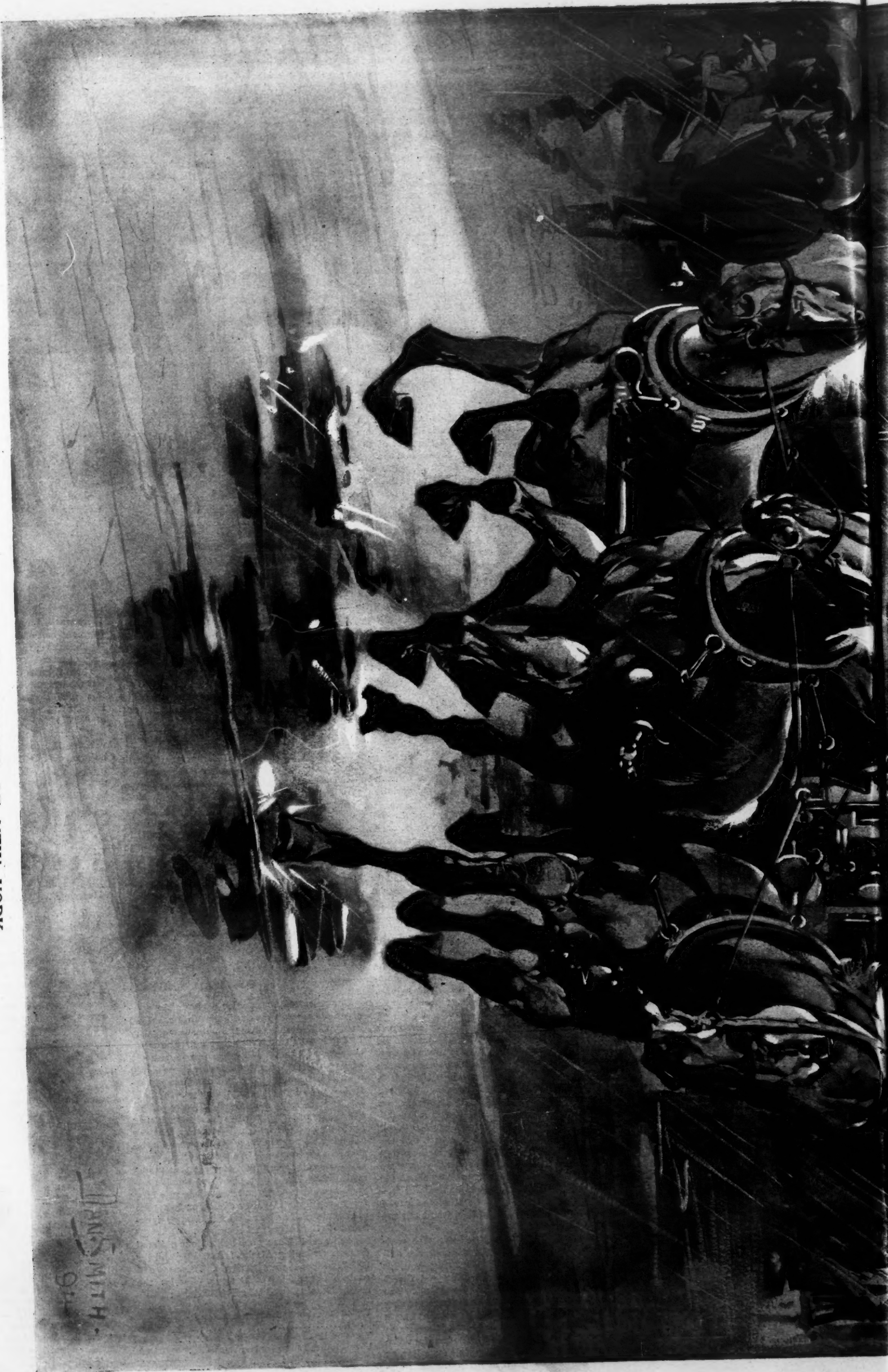
The original cost of land, at \$2.50 per acre (the census estimate is only \$1.25) will be.....	\$21,417,500
Of irrigation works (\$8.15 per acre, census).....	69,821,050
Of preparing (leveling, etc.) land (\$10.75 per acre).....	92,123,250
To these should be added at least \$12 per acre as first cost of planting and seeding not estimated by census.....	102,804,000
Making a total cost for first crop of ....	\$275,457,800

This will leave only \$61,107,800 to be earned by another crop. The direct test is on the market value of the land and water, as given by the United States census. Adding two years' interest at six per cent. on cost, or \$33,054,936, we shall have a net increase of \$608,515,024, or a direct profit per acre of \$78. Placing crop return at \$25 per acre, and the irrigation acreage will give a profit of \$18.50, or a total of \$159,489,500. The annual cost of water rent, seeding, etc., and interest, is placed at \$6.50 per acre. With a net profit, then, on first cost of \$77, and a yearly return per acre of \$18.50, we have a rental value of \$95.50, not counting the increment. At a capitalization of twenty years this will give a value of \$1,910 per acre.

Space will not permit elaboration. The new West uses far more than it can produce. Possibly it will always do so. Irrigation will always make commercial crops of great value. More than that, it will open mines, make towns, extend mileage, develop hydraulic and electric power. It will establish new economic conditions. Its scant waters, when fully used in irrigation, will create new homes for scores of millions, and add many billions of new values to the common wealth.

RICHARD J. HINTON,  
American Society Irrigation Engineers.

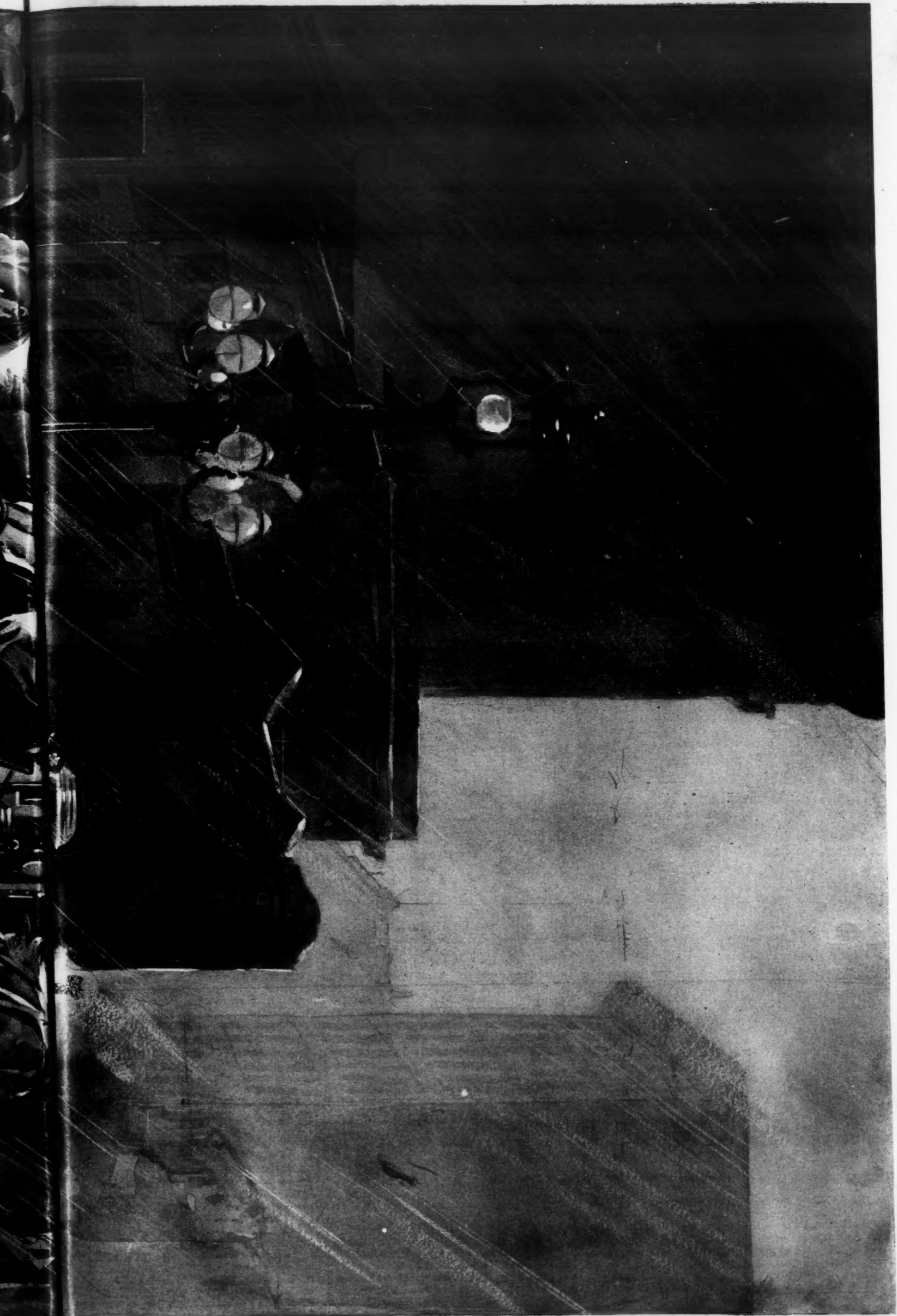




THE EFFICIENT FIRE SERVICE OF NEW YORK.

RESPONDING TO AN ALARM—A FAMILIAR SCENE ON BROADWAY.—DRAWN BY D. S. SMITH.—[See Page 27.]







## PLASTIC AND ARCHITECTURAL ART.

### The Model of Notre Dame Cathedral.

THE educational value of the Metropolitan Museum is in no way more strongly emphasized, perhaps, than in the crowds usually found hovering about the unrivaled Willard collection of architectural casts. "How are they made?" "How were they set up?" are the queries evoked from all classes, as they tarry before "The Guild of the Butchers' Home," count the pillars or statues of the Parthenon, marvel at the hieroglyphics on the Temple of Karnak, peep under the dome of the Pantheon, or admire the beautiful towers of the Cathedral of Notre Dame. To the front façade of the cathedral, erected three years ago, the whole church has been added within the past few months. The time, patience, skill and money involved in making these plaster fac-similes of the architectural masterpieces of the Old World are comprehended by comparatively few. All the museum models, excepting the splendid Arch of Constantine, which was made in Rome, are the delectable work of skilled Parisian architectural sculptors. Despite the consummate skill and great time involved in the construction of a single model, it has not reached, even in Paris, the dignity of a profession or the remuneration of a trade. The demand for such intricate, exacting work will necessarily remain rare. More work of this nature, however, is done in Paris than elsewhere. French architects of late years have all their designs carried out in plaster before verifying them in brick or stone. A hall is reserved for the preservation of these models, which include the Hotel de Ville, the Grand Opera, etc. Eventually it will be the Mecca of the architectural students of the world. It is the hope of the Willard Commission to make the museum collection as practical and comprehensive as that of Paris. If continued as begun, it can hardly fail to become in time a great national architectural school. As it is, architects and students find it of great practical value.

The impetus given to architectural sculpture by the World's Fair is evidenced in the exterior decorations of the new buildings now being erected in this city and elsewhere. So large is the demand and immediate the returns for this class of work that the Art Students League finds difficulty in retaining its most promising students of sculpture. Unquestionably the stone chopper of our tentative days is rapidly being supplanted by the architectural sculptor. Daily increasing numbers of artisans may be seen at the museum studying the plastic models of early Renaissance, while students from the Art and Architectural leagues and Columbia College find it invaluable. Of all the models—and the masterpieces of Greece, Rome and Egypt are there—the Cathedral of Notre Dame is undoubtedly the most accurate, valuable, and picturesquely interesting. It is the first and only model of the famous cathedral in existence. Twenty feet long, or one-twentieth the size of the original, is the scale upon which it is built, as are all the models in the collection. The models and moulds have been destroyed. Its executor, M. Adolphe Jolly, the famous architectural sculptor of Paris, is now aged and confined in a sanitarium, so it is quite probable that Notre Dame will never be duplicated. Few are the men who have the skill or the hardihood to repeat the task. It represents six years' incessant toil, or sixty years of one man's labor. No less than ten thousand pieces enter into its construction. The myriad of bass-reliefs, commemorating passages in the life of our Saviour and His blessed mother, the countless images of saints, apostles and angels, were all modeled by hand. They are as delicate as carvings on ivory, and preserve with wonderful fidelity the likeness and beauty of the originals. The whole was made from photographs, drawings, and measurements taken in the original church. The bewildering array of gargoyles, each grotesquely different in the original, is faithfully reproduced in the model. The thousand "cachets" ornamenting the towers, turrets, and spire were modeled separately, then put together. To emphasize the height of the original edifice characters taken from Victor Hugo's Notre Dame are met on the cathedral steps, skillfully modeled one-twentieth the size of the human figure. As sections of the work were finished, the sculptor photographed the same and sent them to the Willard Commission. On their approval of the photographs, payments were made from time to time.

When completed, the whole was carefully packed in sections and brought to this country by M. Cogniaux, the associate of M. Adolphe Jolly. With the assistance of four skilled artists, four months were spent in setting it up, painting it,

and reproducing, by striking brush effects on wood, the matchless stained glass of the cathedral's famous windows. To M. Cogniaux was largely intrusted the measurement of the original cathedral and the deduction of the scale upon which the model was built. He found, to his astonishment, many discrepancies between his actual measurements and those set forth by Viollet-le-Duc, who restored the cathedral and preserves its history in his famous work on Gothic architecture. With these discrepancies rectified in plaster, the museum model has a unique value.

To the student of Gothic architecture its value is especially great. Unlike the Parthenon, restored by Chipiez, the Paris architect, and executed by Polin, from photographs and historical archives, the veracity of the Notre Dame model can never be questioned. Notwithstanding the French explorers' recent excavations, which prove beyond question that the original Parthenon had ten instead of eight columns on the front portico, thereby belying the pictures and histories of centuries, Chipiez did the best according to the light given him. The hieroglyphics on his model of Karnak were verified by Mespero, the celebrated Egyptologist, thus making it as valuable to the student of Oriental lore as to the architect.

The cost of the Cathedral of Notre Dame, including the railing, is in the neighborhood of twenty thousand dollars. When M. Pierre Le Brun, the purchasing agent of the Willard Commission, to whose artistic acumen and tireless energy the success of the collection is largely due, suggested to the French government that they share in the enterprise and secure a duplicate he met prompt rebuff. "The cost will be fabulous. It's an utter impossibility," said the French Art Commission. "You Americans think everything you desire possible. Might as well talk of tearing down Notre Dame and carrying it across the ocean as to make such a model as you propose!" But M. Le Brun was undaunted. In Adolphe Jolly he found an enthusiast, ambitious to undertake it, little dreaming of the years of work it has entailed. In this model M. Adolphe Jolly has erected his American mausoleum.

The one hundred thousand dollars left by Mr. Levi Hale Willard to "familiarize the public with the best architectural models" is now exhausted. It remains for some other wealthy, public-spirited bachelor to continue the good work begun, a work which is certainly advancing, if it does not eventually revolutionize, American architecture, while it instructs and delights thousands of museum visitors.

LIDA ROSE MCCABE.

### "Evening," a Rare Piece of Statuary.

A NEW and important piece of statuary is now on exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. "Evening" is the conception of F. Wellington Ruckstuhl, and is, with a single exception, the only ideal female nude in marble by an American sculptor which has been exhibited in this country since Powers' "Greek Slave," forty years ago. Mr. Ruckstuhl spent three years at work upon it while he was a student under Mercie and Tholenair in Paris. It was not made with any hope of pecuniary reward. Therefore, although he was offered a large sum by a private collector, he has given it to the city for all time. It was given the most prominent place of any piece of American statuary in the Paris salon and won an honorable mention.

Mr. Ruckstuhl calls himself an idealist-realist. In this young woman he desired to present the incarnation of the hour when darkness comes and nature says we should sleep. The approach of dusk is always accompanied by a certain spirit of melancholy, and consequently this drowsy young woman's eyelids are not only closed, but her mouth wears a pensive expression, as if she had bidden good-bye to some pleasure, as a matter of course, but not without a pang of regret. The face seems to be a combination of the Gallic and the American ideals. It might have been all American but for the influence of the half-dozen French models who aided Mr. Ruckstuhl's imagination in conceiving the young woman, and of Parisian training. The position of the arms has allowed an outline of curves so beautiful and so near perfection as to almost take the place of perfection. In the knuckles over the knee joints, and in various other ways, Mr. Ruckstuhl has shown his realism by giving us a reproduction of nature's most perfect handiwork instead of an ideal which the mechanism of the human body makes impossible. "Evening" is one of the most delightful of the

curator's handsome family of marbles, and she will doubtless delight the eyes of art-loving New-Yorkers long after her creator is dead.

Mr. Ruckstuhl was born in Alsace, but his parents went to St. Louis when he was an infant. The Puritanical training of his Huguenot father prevented him from beginning the serious study of modeling until he was twenty-nine. He amazed his teachers by the advances he made. At first they warned him that his age made a difficult task doubly difficult, but he persisted, and soon forced them to a change of mind. His bronze "Mercury Teasing the Eagle of Jupiter," in Portland Place, St. Louis, is the only public piece of ideal sculpture west of the Mississippi. He has been in New York for two years, and was instrumental in the organization of the National Sculpture Society, and is its secretary, while J. Q. A. Ward is its president.

FREDERICK PALMER.

### A Song for the New Year.

CHANT me a song for the New Year, poet,  
A rhyme that is happy and gay;  
Let your voice ring true and each word sound clear  
As you sing me my sweet roundelay—  
For the nobler the theme the grander the song,  
And who shall predict what rare gifts may belong  
To the twelvemonth commencing to-day?

Write me a prayer for the season, poet.  
A prayer from a brave, hopeful heart;  
Let it impress bear of a loving faith,  
Of a trust that will vigor impart;  
For the greater the strain, the stronger the need,  
The higher the effort the surer the need,  
Be the standard of life or of art.

Man cannot pierce through the curtain, poet,  
Concealing the year's future flight;  
Offer prayer or praise in its grief or joy—  
From the darkness shall burst forth the light!  
Tho' the clouds gather thick, the sun will shine through—  
The sultriest day hath its evening of dew,  
And the world hath God's haven in sight!  
LEE C. HARRY.

### Railway Reorganization in the South.

THE story of the reorganization of more than 4,500 miles of Southern railway properties, stretching over the richest lands of the Southern States, and touching every leading trade centre in that section from the Potomac to the Mississippi, awakened interest everywhere from the moment it was first told.

Ten months ago, when the plan under which these vast properties have been reorganized was put in operation, there was a world of interest and concern felt in the project throughout the Southern States as well as in the North. Now that the work has been done, and done so well, the story takes on new color in that success attends the undertaking most abundantly.

The past few years have seen many of the largest railway systems of the country pass into receivers' hands. During that time there has been but one large and successful reorganization, which is that of the Richmond Terminal system. No enterprise seemed ever to have fallen into so hopeless a muddle. The properties had gone to wreck, scattered in a way that discouraged reasonable hope of ever bringing them together under one strong and prosperous company, but unless brought together they would be of comparatively little value. Yet this was undertaken and has been accomplished in spite of all difficulties by the banking-house of Drexel, Morgan & Co. It has certainly been one of the most interesting financial events of the year, and with so important a bearing upon every line of industry at the South it has given a new and real meaning to the oft-repeated and much-abused phrase, "Southern development." It is hardly to be wondered at that the people of the Southern country have been rather too much inclined to hostile railway legislation in the past when it is considered that the way great railway lines there were managed was such as to provoke such legislation. And it is no wonder that the straightforward and legitimate plans under which these Southern lines have lately been restored brings about a better feeling in that section.

As a result of the reorganization of the so-called Richmond Terminal System in the South more than thirty corporations whose affairs and securities were interlocked in every conceivable way, and in almost hopeless confusion, are united in one company. Thirty boards of directors and thirty sets of separate accounts have disappeared simultaneously.

The organization under which the renovation of so many of the South's great railway arteries has been achieved is the Southern Railway Company. This company was organized by a charter obtained from the Legislature of Virginia, supplemented by its provisions conforming to all laws in other Southern States traversed by the railway lines that form the grand system.

The reorganization has involved two trustees' sales, viz.: Richmond and West Point Terminal Railway and Warehouse Company; trustees' sale under six per cent. collateral mortgage;

trustees' sale under five per cent. collateral mortgage; one receiver's sale, viz.: Richmond and West Point Terminal Railway and Warehouse Company; ten foreclosure sales, viz.: covering Richmond and Danville and its leased lines; East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia (under two mortgages); Charlotte, Columbia and Augusta; Columbia and Greenville; Louisville Southern; Georgia Pacific; Western North Carolina; Northwestern North Carolina; Oxford and Clarksville; Clarksville and North Carolina. Six conveyances, without foreclosure, viz.: Atlantic, Tennessee and Ohio; Richmond, York River and Chesapeake; Washington, Ohio and Western; Piedmont; Statesville and Western; Oxford and Henderson. Two sales of collateral under notes for floating debt, viz.: Richmond and Danville; East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia.

Eight receiver's sales covering property of the Richmond and Danville not embraced in its mortgages.

A similar receiver's sale for the East Tennessee.

Described briefly, and ignoring many small branch lines, the Southern Railway Company extends from Washington, or, more properly, from Alexandria, Va., and from West Point and Richmond, Va., via Salisbury, N. C., to Augusta and Atlanta, Ga.; and thence to the Mississippi River at Greenville. At Salisbury another main line crosses the State of North Carolina by way of Asheville; thence over to Knoxville and Chattanooga, Tenn., and from there to Rome, Ga., where it divides, one line going to Brunswick and the other to Meridian, Miss. Another line runs from Louisville to Lexington and Burgin, Ky., there connecting with the Cincinnati Southern.

The Cincinnati Southern and Memphis and Charleston were included in the plan of reorganization as originally promulgated, but were dropped from the amended plan, as the security holders failed to accept the terms offered. They have not bettered their condition by their refusal. Recently the Southern Railway Company has acquired a large interest in the Cincinnati Southern and the Alabama Great Southern, and the general impression is that, sooner or later, the entire ownership of these lines will be acquired. The Southern Railway Company is also expected to have a large interest in the Georgia Central when reorganized.

The capital stock of the Southern Railway Company is \$60,000,000, five per cent. non-cumulative preferred stock and \$120,000,000 common stock. In the original plan it was wisely provided that the voting power on the stock of the new company shall be controlled for five years, or longer, by three trustees selected by Drexel, Morgan & Company, the idea being that since this firm had lent its name and prestige to the successful carrying out of the plan of restoring the bankrupt companies, it would be the part of simple wisdom to leave the entire system to its guidance, thus preventing its fall into the hands of those who might bring about a recurrence of old methods which proved a death-stab to the old companies.

In this connection it is interesting to observe that the interest charges on the properties before the reorganization were, in round numbers, \$7,500,000 per annum, and sinking funds ran up to about \$600,000 or \$700,000 per annum in addition, while the new company has fixed charges running in this wise: \$4,100,000 for 1894; \$4,700,000 for 1895, and \$5,300,000 for 1896.

At the inception of the undertaking it was arranged that Mr. Samuel Spencer should assume charge of the system as president. Mr. Spencer is a Georgian by birth, and is a man of great ability and force of character, standing second to no railroad manager in the country. His appearance at the head of the Southern Railway Company has been hailed with satisfaction everywhere, and especially in every section that is traversed by the lines of railway that form the system.

The Southern Railway's lines extend all over the South. They reach, through direct connections, the rich tropic lands of Florida, where the fruit and truck farms yield up their products to the Northern markets; they enter the tobacco regions of North Carolina and Virginia and Kentucky; they catch the traffic of New Orleans, which involves much of the South and Central American republics' products; they plow their way through the most fertile regions of the South and touch every principal cotton shipping centre; and, in fine, they embrace the South's wealth from Virginia to Texas.

How fortunate, indeed, is the South in having this great work established by such men as now control this gigantic railroad. It begins to appear that this section, so rich in abundant mineral and agricultural resources, is at last awaking to the busy hum of real, not speculative, industry; that the honest investor of the North has turned his attention thither, and that "Southern development" is no longer an empty name, a song without an air.

REMSEN CRAWFORD.



## The Comedian's Wake.

"LAST winter in Pittsburg I ran across the timber for a genuine Irish comedy—one of those comedies which make you weep, you know," said a member of one of the theatrical road-companies "laying off" in the city until after the election.

"We were playing a week's stand there and a gang of us were taking our usual night-cap in a saloon one night after the performance, when word was brought us that Billy McC—, who was playing with another company there at the time, had been taken with delirium tremens in a saloon and had made his way back to his hotel only to find the rest of the company gone—their engagement had closed there that night—and himself refused admittance. The poor fellow was about to be turned out on the street to die, when along came the wife of the stage-carpenter of the company, who was waiting for the scenery to be loaded in order to take a late train out of town, and said that she would take charge of him.

"It seems that Billy had always been kind to this woman, a homely, dull little thing, who traveled with her husband, and was regarded by the rest of the company as a bit of superfluous luggage to be ignored as the least offensive manner of recognition.

"Well, this little woman came bravely to Billy's rescue, 'cussed' the hotel proprietor for 'firing' a man in such a strait, and said she would stay behind and take care of him. Her husband approved her plan, and had just time, before his train left to call a cab, put her and Billy in it and start them off to a little Irish hotel or lodging-house, where he knew they would be taken in and treated like Christians.

"It was in this place that Frank McNish, another Irishman, and an old friend of Billy's, myself and two of the other boys found the brave little woman tussling with her unruly patient. She did not have to tussle long, however; the snakes soon outnumbered poor Billy, and he made his exit in the way that many a good actor has gone.

"The next day we boys did what we could to pay the last honors to our dead comrade, among other things making up a little purse and sending down a really beautiful pillow of flowers with the words 'The Last Act' done in violets on a white background. The little carpenteress furnished the crying, and arranged with the people of the house, who were all Irish, to have a wake that night.

"Upon this scheme McNish, who had been tacitly appointed master of ceremonies for the occasion, set his foot down.

"'An' it's divil uv a wake yez'll be kapin' over poor Billy, an' him gone to the devil afther the straight out-an'-out Amerycan fashion,' said Mc., with all his righteous Irish blood up, and the little carpenteress yielded the point.

"But here comes in the funny part of the story—the comedy that makes you weep, you know. If Mc. himself didn't institute, celebrate and consummate an Irish wake over poor Billy that night, then I don't want to see one! It seemed a kind of sorry joke on Billy, that he couldn't know what was going on and get his share of the fun. It was the first time he had ever held the centre of the stage, and to think he didn't know it!

"Well, I was going to tell you about Mc.'s wake.

"There was poor Billy, laid out stark and peaceful in his box, and we fellows and the stanch little carpenteress who was going to see Billy through, sitting around the room. 'The Last Act' stared us in the face kinder familiarly and homelike, and poor Billy's bloated white face looked more peaceful and satisfied than we had seen it for many a long day. Two kerosene lamps flickered and smoked on the table and mantel, and the conflicting odors of flowers for the dead and beer for the living kept us awake to the two sides of the situation.

"But the high mucky-muck of the funeral was McNish.

"He had fortified himself pretty strongly against the double drain on his system of sitting up all night and grieving over his dead friend. The combined influence put him in one of his most versatile and interesting conversational veins.

"The fellow has personal magnetism if anything, and the humor which keeps him a job on the stage is the genuine, unstudied, inborn humor of his race and calling.

"'Ah, there was a b'y fur yez!' he would say, waving his hand over Billy and leaning his elbow on the mantel against the kerosene lamp. 'The divil uv a feller was Billy fur a gag whin he was in foine spirits—or out uv thim, rayther!' (Mc.'s brogue always asserted itself when he was full or otherwise strongly affected.)

"'Ah, but don't Oi remember the toime whin Billy an' me an' Carroll Johnson an' the rist uv us was crosin' the pond on a visit to the ould country! Carroll an' me was walkin' on deck one night about eleven o'clock whin up comes Billy, his eyes bustin' out uv his head, an' he

sez, sez he, 'Here, Carroll, lind me a tin fur the love of me! Oi've four kings face downwards on the table an' niver a red cint to bet on em!' Away goes Carroll's han' in his pocket, an' away goes Billy with the tin. About two hours later who should come rollin' on deck but Billy, as 'full' as a biled owl, an' as happy as a goat on a timothy medder.

"'Be Jabers!' says Oi, 'he's won!' Thin Carroll, who remembered Billy's forgetfulness, wint up, and takin' him by the arm, sez he, 'Say, Billy, whin an Oi goin' to be afther gittin' me tin back?' Thin yez ought to seen Billy. Doublin' up the corner uv that off eye uv his, he sez, hiccoughin' and leerin' between the words, 'Whin-ever the four kings win, Carroll; whin-ever the four kings win!'

"By this time Mc. would have himself and his listeners worked up to the highest pitch of hilarity, when, all of a sudden, he would step over and look at Billy in his coffin and then go to crying and saying, 'Yez handed in yez last chip now, old man; yez last chip!'

"Then we fellows would get blue and broke up, and the little carpenteress would begin crying afresh, with her tired little towse head on the table against the other kerosene lamp.

"So the night wore on.

"Mc. would go softly out and refill the growler, and the little carpenteress would nip the wicks of the spluttering lamps.

"About the time we would all begin to get quiet and drowsy, Mc., reformed, would begin.

"'Ah, Billy an' me we's had great times togeth'er! Onct—it was in Chicago—an' Oi'm blowed if it wasn't an appropriate place fur the gag! Oi was in the audience, and Billy was end man in—'s Minstrels. Billy had been married about a year thin, an' there was reports uv his 'infelicity,' as they call it.

"'Purty soon sez Billy to the middle man, sez he, 'Mister Johnsing, did yez know Oi was a married man?'

"'Go 'long!' sez the middle man, 'yez ain't married at all, at all!' sez he.

"'Yis, Oi am!' sez Billy, 'Oi'm payin' alimony!'

"Then Oi laughed right out in me seat, an' Billy skinned his oye over the footlights, an' spottin' me, sung out behind his han'!

"'Oi am on the dead, Frank!'

"'An' maybe yez think that didn't bring doon the house, for it wuz in that day's paper all about Billy an' his wife's divorce, an' him bein' stuck for alimony.'

"By the end of this recital we would all be roaring again—the little carpenteress included—then off Mc. would go on another crying spell, as genuine and as touching as a mother's over her dead baby.

"Ah! I tell you there's more good acting done off the stage than on it, anyway!' sighed the narrator; and he ordered a fresh round of drinks.

BELLE HUNT.

## OUR PLAYERS

### "Prince Ananias" and "Too Much Johnson."

THE Bostonians, one might say, are world famous. Perhaps it is only this American half of the world, but nowadays that means so much to artists of every degree and of every nationality that to hold such a place in the hearts of the amusement-loving public as this organization has held ever since its inception is an eminence not enjoyed by any similar aggregation of artists in this or, perhaps, any other country. The names of Barnabee, MacDonald, Davis, and Karl (although the latter is not actively engaged at present), are names to conjure with, and anything this company produces is sure to meet with a certain measure of success. "Prince Ananias," music by Victor Herbert and libretto by Francis Neilson, is the latest vehicle chosen in which to exploit themselves before the public. It must here be recorded that it is not another "Robin Hood," although the music is infinitely finer, both in form and texture, but the "book," so necessary to overwhelming success in stage ventures of the comic or light opera variety, is certainly hardly as interesting or as ludicrous as the personelle of the Bostonians is capable of handling. The plot is placed in the sixteenth century, but Mr. Neilson postpones the funniest element in his play until the second (last) act. Here the strolling players, *La Fontaine*, Henry Clay Barnabee, and Louis Biron, W. H. MacDonald, are presented to King Boniface, George B. Frothingham, who is a victim of chronic melancholy, but who, in himself, through the excruciatingly comical make-up of Mr. Frothingham, is one of the funniest stage pictures we have seen for many moons. Mr. Frothingham has adopted a burlesque "make-up" of Louis XI., and the moment he sets his foot upon the stage the audience is convulsed with laughter, while Boniface himself is the picture of woe-begone melancholy. Could

anything be more supremely funny than a character in a play which is so sad as to be funny to the audience? But the author "missed his cue" in not making this idea the back-bone of his "book." Then, too, the love story is somewhat split up. *Ninette* starts out to be interesting, but the author drops her at the end of Act 2 for no good reason whatever. Nevertheless, like a good many other stage productions, most of the faults are transposed into virtues by the clever all-round acting and singing of the Bostonians. Jessie Bartlett Davis and Eugene Cowles have fine singing parts, and do full justice to Mr. Herbert's score. Barnabee and MacDonald also have fairly good parts, but all are easily overshadowed when Frothingham comes on in Act 2 as the King; after his appearance he owns the stage. Since its first performance "Prince Ananias" has undergone some revision, as all such productions do, and what with lavish scenic effects and costuming, the opera has drawn large and enthusiastic audiences.

"Too Much Johnson" is the odd title Mr. William Gillette has given to his latest adaptation from the French. The original of this was called "Plantation Thomassin," and the scene was laid in Cuba, and while Mr. Gillette opens his play on board of a steamer bound for Santiago and Americanizes the *dramatis personae* of his play, there still remains a Gallic flavor of the original. It has the usual complications of mistaken identity, without which a farce would be some other kind of a play. On board the steamer *Mons. Leon Dothis* (Mr. Harry Bell) is looking for the man who has dared to make love to his wife. *Billings* (William Gillette) is the guilty party, but in the course of this *affaire du cœur* he has told *Madame Dothis* that his name is Johnson. The blood-thirsty husband has the portion of a photograph in his possession showing the hair of the man he is seeking, but *Billings* arranges his hair in a different fashion and throws him off the scent. The funny part of the character of *Billings* is that he is an irrepressible liar. In fact, the author no doubt had the old English play of "The Liar" often in his mind when he evolved "Too Much Johnson." Mr. Gillette has written for himself a companion part to that in the "Private Secretary." His mission is to make people laugh, and as the theatre has been crowded at every performance, and the people have laughed heartily, "Too Much Johnson" can be set down as a New York success.

Some of the other parts are also good and well played, notably the *Monsieur Dothis* of Harry Bell and the *Mrs. L. Upton Batterson* of Miss Kate Meek, both admirable performances; particularly the latter, which is the best version of the dyed-in-the-wool mother-in-law we have had to laugh at in a very long time. The play is well staged and well cast throughout. It is light-waisted, as all these plays must be, but it affords a good evening's entertainment, and that is what it was written for.

HARRY P. MAWSON.

### "Master" Jean Gerardy.

THE United States each year becomes more and more the Mecca for successful or aspiring artists in every branch of art culture and development. This is particularly true of musicians, who find here an unexampled field for their artistic endeavors; far superior, far richer in its returns, than any they can find at home. The reason for this is very simple. We are very fond of music as a people, but as a people we produce very little music and very few musicians that may be said to rank in the first

class; therefore this particular *genre* of foreign artist is more than welcome to our opera-houses and concert-rooms.

One of the latest executants to engage our attention and admiration is "Master" Jean Gerardy, in whom there is not, however, a single attribute missing which is usually assigned to genius. The violoncello is not generally considered as a solo instrument, merely, however, because it needs the personality of a master to direct its use. Gerardy is built to play the 'cello. His arms and legs are abnormally long, and his body long from the waist up. These physical endowments enable him to use the bow and secure a swing to it that produces a tone from the bigger viol incomparably powerful and musical. His playing is a perfect revelation. He produces on it all the rich tones of the violin, but trebled in depth, sonority, richness, and volume. His phrasing is absolute perfection. To hear Gerardy play the violoncello is to understand this instrument from a new and wider standpoint. H. P. M.

### An Efficient Municipal Department.

WHILE the citizen of New York finds much in the condition of the municipal service to condemn and lament, there is at least one department of which he is justly proud. The Fire Department of the city is, in point of *morale* and efficiency, equal to any similar department in the world. It is true that the number of large fires in this and other large cities of the United States is greater than in European cities of similar size, but this is owing largely to the difference in the construction of buildings, and not, at least so far as this city is concerned, to the greater efficiency of the fire service abroad. And so far as one city is concerned, namely, Berlin, not quite as large as New York, the number of fires has been greater than here, and the increase in late years has been larger. In point of fact, our department, with its full modern equipment, its thorough organization, its splendid discipline, and its trained membership, presents a model of efficiency which any city may copy with profit. This efficiency is equally notable in the celerity with which every alarm is responded to, and in the activity, alertness, and skill with which the most difficult and dangerous conflagrations are dealt with. There are no braver men, with loftier ideals of duty, anywhere than are found in the ranks of our fire department.

At the date of the last annual report the fire-extinguishing force of the city comprised fifty-eight engine companies and twenty-two hook-and-ladder companies, with a total uniformed force of 1,058 men. The number of horses employed was 405. Including the *personnel* of headquarters and the various bureaus, the aggregate number of men connected with the service is 1,328. During 1893, 536 members of the uniformed force sustained injuries while engaged in their duties. The department has a

(Continued on page 31.)

### Good News for Asthmatics.

WE observe that the Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa, is now in reach of sufferers from Asthma. As before announced, this new discovery is a positive cure for Asthma. You can make trial of the Kola Compound free, by addressing a postal-card to the Kola Importing Company, 1164 Broadway, New York, who are sending out large trial cases free by mail, to sufferers.

### The Careful Housewife Will Use No Other.

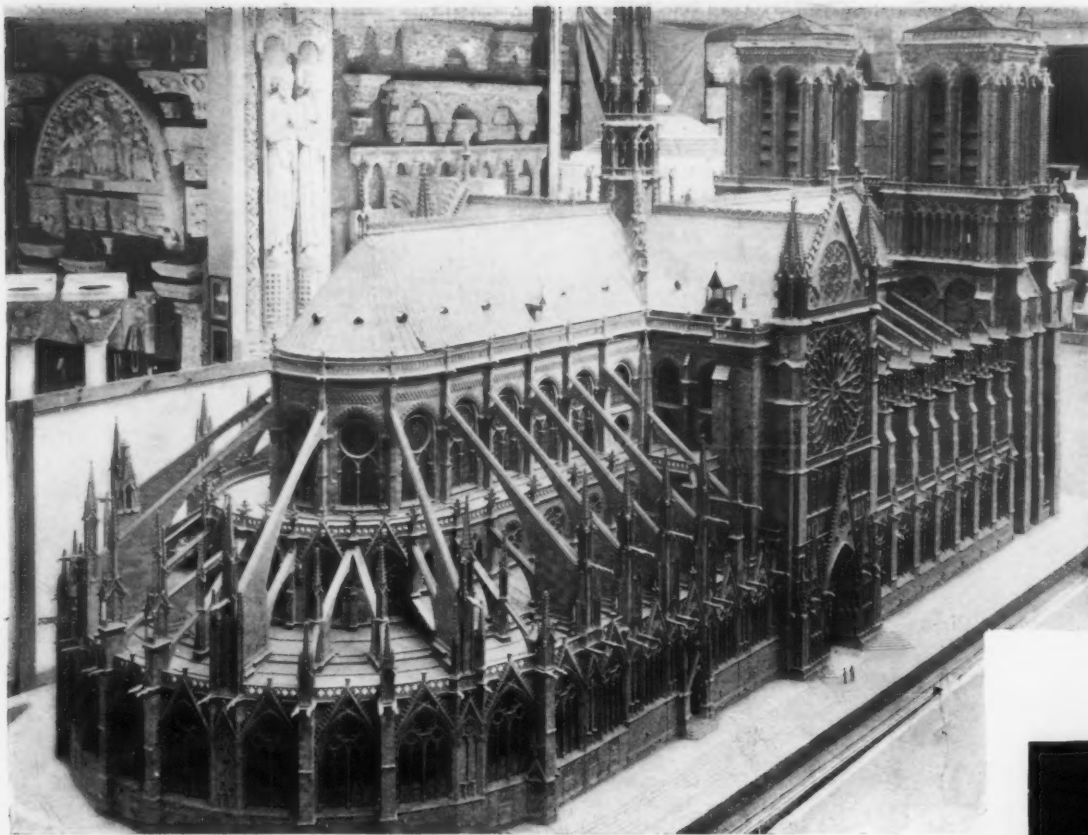


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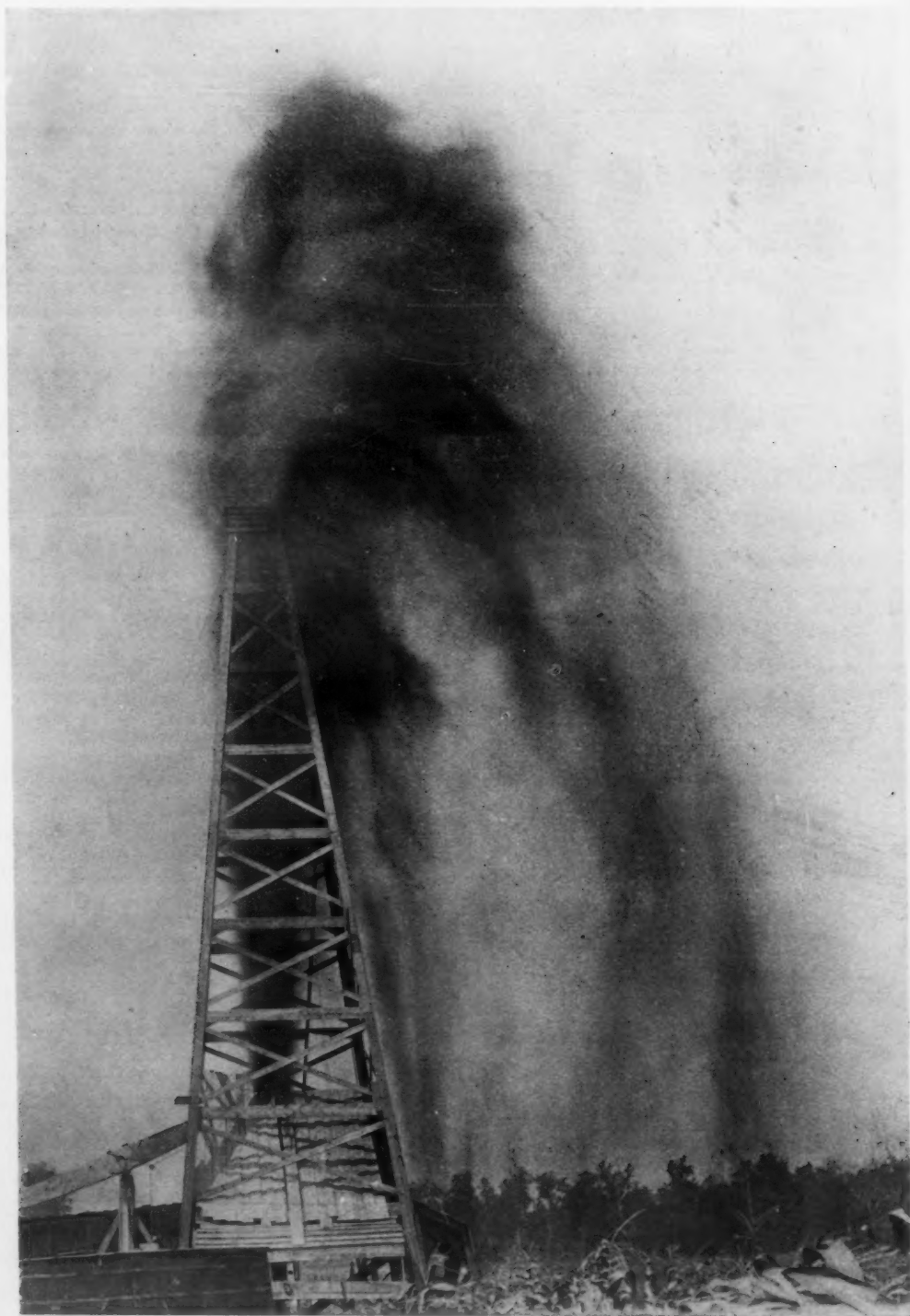




THE MODEL OF NOTRE DAME CATHEDRAL IN THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 26.]



MASTER JEAN GERARDY, THE PHENOMENAL VIOLONCELLIST.—[SEE PAGE 27.]



THE KIRKBRIDE OIL WELL IN MADISON TOWNSHIP, SANDUSKY COUNTY, OHIO, WHICH YIELDS THE OWNER AN INCOME OF \$10,000 A DAY. PHOTOGRAPH BY TILTON & GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 31.]



"EVENING," BY F. WELLINGTON RUCKSTUHL, ON EXHIBITION AT THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 26.]





THE INAUGURATION OF THE NEW REICHSTAG BUILDING IN BERLIN BY EMPEROR WILLIAM.  
*Paris L'Illustration.*



JAPANESE INFANTRY SCOUTS MAKING A RECONNOISSANCE NEAR PING-YANG.



THE WAR IN THE EAST—TROOPS ON THE WAY TO THE FRONT BY THE ONLY RAILWAY IN CHINA.—*London Graphic.*

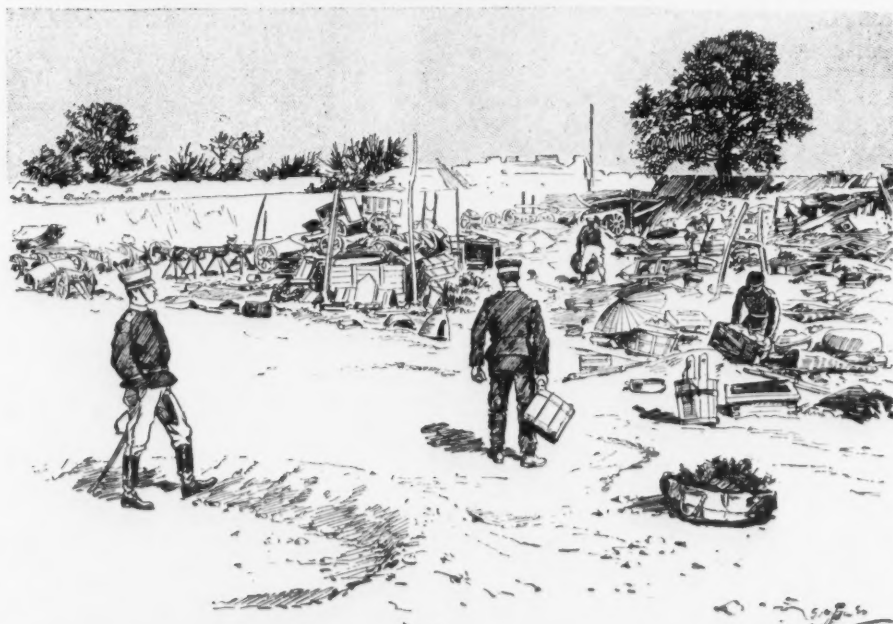


The bridegroom, H. R. H. Prince Adolphus of Teck.

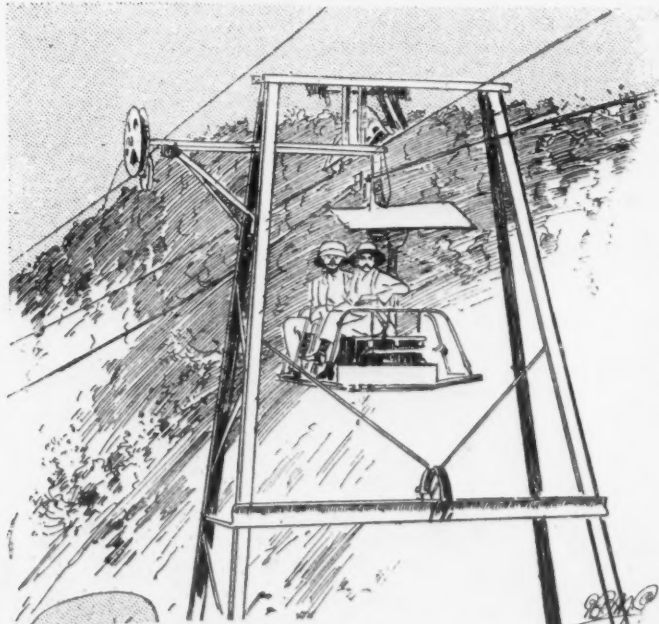


H. R. H. Princess Adolphus of Teck (Lady Margaret Grosvenor) the bride.

THE RECENT PRINCELY WEDDING.—*London Graphic.*



INTERIOR OF A FORT AT PING-YANG ABANDONED BY THE CHINESE.—*London Graphic.*



A ROPEWAY AT HONG-KONG USED FOR CARRYING PASSENGERS.—*Daily Graphic.*



## An Efficient Municipal Department.

(Continued from page 27.)

life-insurance fund which last year paid out nineteen thousand dollars in benefits to nineteen persons. The total expenditures of the department for salaries for the year ending on the 1st of January last was \$1,682,689, and the total estimated loss of property by fire was \$5,902,583, of which all but \$489,297 was insured.

The striking double-page illustration elsewhere in this issue admirably depicts a scene which is familiar to all New-Yorkers—a fire-steamer hurrying, with hurricane speed, to do battle with menacing flames.

### BUSINESS NOTICES.

THE PUBLISHERS OF THE NEW YORK weekly *Judge* notify the public that the use of *Judge* in local advertising schemes, by printing and inserting advertising pages between its leaves, is a direct violation of the publishers' rights under the copyright law; no one is authorized by the publishers to use *Judge* in this manner, and prompt measures will be taken to stop its being so used. Judge Publishing Company, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

### LAUGHING BABIES

are loved by everybody. Good nature in children is rare unless they are healthy. Those raised on the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk are comparatively free from sickness. This milk is so easily prepared that improper feeding is inexcusable.

We recommend Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters to those who suffer with dyspepsia.

In a recent article on Coffee and Cocoa, the eminent German Chemist, Professor Stutzer, speaking of the Dutch process of preparing Cocoa by the addition of potash, and of the process common in Germany in which ammonia is added, says: "The only result of these processes is to make the liquid appear turbid to the eye of the consumer, without effecting a real solution of the Cocoa substance. This artificial manipulation for the purpose of so-called solubility is, therefore, more or less inspired by deception, and always takes place at the cost of purity, pleasant taste, useful action and aromatic flavor. The treatment of Cocoa by such chemical means is entirely objectionable. Cocoa treated with potash or ammonia would be entirely unsalable but for the supplementary addition of artificial flavors by which a poor substitute for the aroma driven out into the air is offered to the consumer." The delicious Breakfast Cocoa made by WALTER BAKER & CO., of Dorchester, Mass., is absolutely pure and soluble. No chemicals, or dyes, or artificial flavors are used in it.

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has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world; twenty-five cents a bottle.

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under the eyes and a sallow complexion show biliousness. This is one of the most disagreeable of stomach disorders, and if allowed to have its own way will result in great harm. Cure biliousness at once by using Ripans Tablets. One tablet gives relief.

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A CRUISE TO THE MEDITERRANEAN. By specially-chartered steamer *Friesland*, February 6th, 1895, visiting Bermuda, Azores, Gibraltar, Malaga, Granada, Alhambra, Algiers, Cairo; seven days at Jerusalem, Beyrout, Ephesus, Constantinople, Athens, Rome. Only \$325, hotels, excursions, fees, etc. included. Organized and accompanied by F. C. Clark, ex-United States Vice-Consul at Jerusalem, and a staff of competent assistants. Thirty excursions to Europe. Ocean tickets by all lines. Send for *Tourist Gazette*. F. C. Clark, Tourist Agent, 111 Broadway, New York. Official Ticket Agent, Pennsylvania and Erie Railroads, etc.

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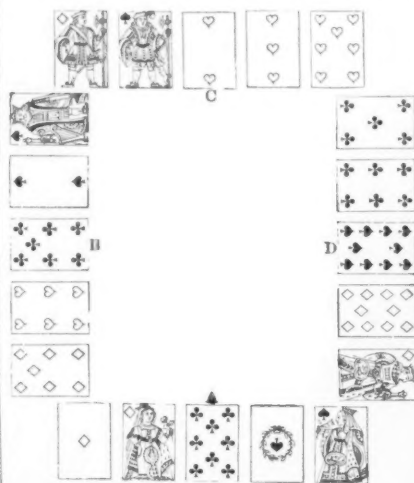
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## OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

CONDUCTED BY SAM. LOYD.

### Whist Practice.

PROBLEM No. 2 is solved by the following pretty line of play: A leads trump 3, B the 4, and C discards the heart king, D discards Jack of diamonds. A then leads heart 8, to which C discards diamond Queen. If D discards heart A's deuce of hearts is good for the next trick; whereas if D discarded club 9, A would throw three tricks in clubs to C. Solutions were received from all parts of the country giving, A leads trump, C discards club 3, and D club 9, which would win if D made that play, but if he discards heart 5 that answer would be defeated. Correct answers were received from Messrs. F. E. Wilson, H. L. Cook, E. H. Taylor, W. D. Dinkard, C. Buxton, John W. Conway, R. C. Applebee, Oliver C. Hutchinson, T. Cox, A. Hall, C. J. McDiarmid, H. Duane, W. O. Wellington, W. Duncan, Mrs. E. T. Olliver, Mrs. Alice Hustead, Annette Barker, Carrie E. Williams, and Mrs. E. Fay. All others, of which there were many hundreds, were incorrect.

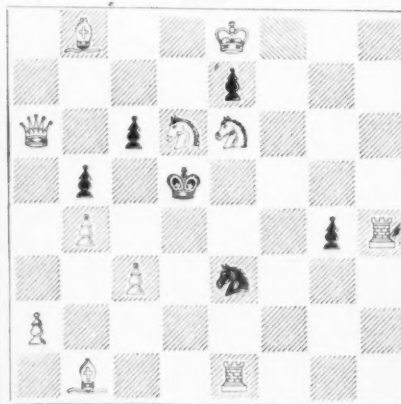


Diamonds are trumps. A leads, and with his partner C takes all five tricks against any possible play. At the suggestion of the lady president of a local whist circle we start a perpetual whist contest, wherein the prize of a book is offered to every one who can solve four whist problems in succession.

### The Chess-Board.

PROBLEM No. 2. BY MRS. W. J. BAIRD.

Black.



White.

White to play and mate in two moves.

As a rule the fair sex do not aspire to become proficient at chess; nevertheless, the above composition is by a noted lady composer, who has an international reputation for having originated some wonderfully clever problems.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NOV. 22. BY LOYD.

White. 1 B to KB8! Black 1 B takes R.

2 B takes Q, mate!



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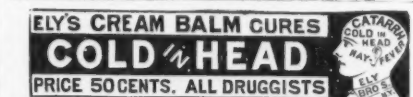
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## Our Superlative Department.

In every community on the American continent this issue of LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY ought to be received with special welcome and grateful curiosity. We now propose, with the help of our readers, to collect from far and wide, and publish from week to week, a summary of those facts and incidents which best illustrate the age in which we live, color its local chronicles, and furnish its picturesque substance ready for the historian. Each community has its tallest tree, oldest inhabitant, and prettiest girl. Let it be ours to decide between them! There isn't a farming neighborhood but boasts its biggest pumpkin, fattest shoat, and longest ear of corn. Every town acknowledges a richest man, every railroad a fastest locomotive, every sea a swiftest ship, every river a speediest steamer.

Superlatives, in short, are the spice of life. They concentrate values; they typify infinity and personify truth.

For there is somewhere on this globe, now at the beginning of the year 1895, the first year of the last lustrum of the end of the century, a river longer, a mountain higher, a lake deeper, a tree taller, a locomotive faster, an inhabitant older, a millionaire richer, a pumpkin fatter, a hog heavier, an ear of corn longer, a flower bigger, a farm more extensive, a horse more intelligent, a mule meaner, a ship swifter, a dog yellower, a girl prettier, a widow more fascinating, a house costlier, a diamond brighter, a ruby larger, a woman more beautiful than any other in any community anywhere in the world! There can't help being; for figures and facts, cameras and caveats will prove it. Could these superlatives be ascertained, we could set the world by the ears!

But perfection is denied to human effort. We can only approximate; and with the help of the readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY we will. THE SUPERLATIVE DEPARTMENT, if they render it their painstaking and persevering support, is to be one of our most valuable features. There will be no dictionary, or encyclopædia, or manual or book of reference in the world like it. It will be a repository of knowledge such as the human race has never even attempted. It will be quoted in every debating society, filed in every library, and condensed in every almanac in the country. It will stimulate the memories of the aged and the investigations of the youthful. It will give our readers a new interest in the world about them.

You are invited, one and all, to communicate freely with us for the general good and our mutual improvement. Let us help the world to find out what is best worth knowing. Let us take a CENSUS OF THE SUPERLATIVES.

### The Biggest Things.

THE biggest magnet in the world has been made recently at Willett's Point, Long Island Sound, by Lieutenant-Colonel R. W. King, by wrapping a torpedo cable about a 15-inch Rodman gun. It lifts 23,500 lbs. of dead weight.

Loftus Jones Parker, of Washington, who is thought to have two brains, is twenty-two inches around the head.

The biggest statue in America, barring Liberty, is the bronze effigy of William Penn.

on top of City Hall, Philadelphia. It is thirty-seven feet high and weighs 60,000 pounds.

Twenty thousand people can be accommodated at one time in the Sutro Baths on the coast near San Francisco. The main swimming tank is 275 feet long and 150 feet wide. These baths are the largest ever built.

The Black Hamburg Grape Vine at Manresa House, Roehampton, England, bore 852 clusters at one time this past season, yielding \$560 worth of grapes in one year. Its vineyard is 224 feet long. There is none larger known.

The greatest sunfish ever caught measured 11 feet across, from fin to fin; 8 feet 2 inches in length, and weighed 1,800 pounds. It was captured asleep five miles off the coast of Redondo, California.

Ex-Senator Warren's ranch in Wyoming is 75 x 100 miles, and is six times as big as the State of Rhode Island. There are 120,000 sheep, 15,000 cattle and 2,000 horses on it.

The biggest law book is the record of the Buchanan poisoning case in New York City, containing 26,000 printed pages 8 x 11 inches.

The most enormous single block of granite ever quarried in this country weighs forty tons, and was cut in Mr. Henry B. Slaven's Blue Hill Quarry, at Blue Hill, Maine.

The biggest steel shaving ever cut was from a one-per-cent. carbon roll by the Breuil-Phillips Manufacturing Company in Philadelphia. The shaving was fifty-six feet long. A twenty-two foot shaving was recently chiseled at Fort Wayne, Indiana.

Any reader of LESLIE'S WEEKLY who knows of any bigger things, of this kind or any other, should write promptly to the Editor, giving particulars.

### A Remarkable Oil Well.

THE Kirkbride No. 1 Oil Well, of which we give an illustration on another page, is located in Madison township, Sandusky county, Ohio. The flow of oil commenced November 18th. The spectacle is described as one of the most magnificent ever witnessed in that part of the country. First appeared a column of water rising eight or ten feet in the air; this was followed by a black stream of mud and sand which gradually changed to yellow; then, with a deafening roar, the gas burst forth in an immense volume, hiding the derrick from view. As this cleared away a solid golden column a foot in diameter, shot from the derrick floor a hundred feet into the air, there breaking into fragments and falling in a shower of yellow rain for a quarter of a mile around. For a period of five hours this great column of oil shot upward. In a very few moments the field about the well was covered several inches deep with petroleum; within three or four hours, the ditches for miles around were overflowing with oil. Dams were constructed in order that the product might be estimated, but these were overflowed and swept away as rapidly as built. Some persons living in the vicinity, alarmed at the spectacle, packed their household goods and fled. The Buckeye Pumping Station a mile distant was compelled to extinguish its fires on account of the gas, and all other fires within the district were put out. It was a literal flood of oil, the estimated production for the first twenty-four hours being 14,500,000 gallons. About eighteen thousand barrels per day have been saved and marketed since the oil has been brought under full control. The owner has refused an offer of five hundred thousand dollars for the well, being content with the income of ten thousand dollars per day which it affords him.

### Our Foreign Pictures.

#### LIGHT RAILWAYS.

WE reproduce from the London Graphic a picture of a ropeway used for carrying passengers at Hong-Kong, China. Wire tramways are coming into considerable use in Great Britain and other countries, being especially suitable as feeders for the main-line railways in the carriage of produce, and, to a limited extent, for the carriage of passengers. As described by the Graphic "there are four systems in use, any of which are applicable for the purpose. Probably the running-rope system, from its cheapness and simplicity, is the most likely to suit the requirements of light railways as at present before the public. Such tramways can be constructed for the carriage of quantities of from fifty to five hundred tons a day of materials such as farm produce, etc., at a cost of from fifteen hundred dollars a mile upward. The systems do not create a severance of the ground over which they pass, but simply require spaces of about ten feet square where the up-rights are placed. Further, the cost of their maintenance is very slight. It is, besides, an advantage that the complete plant can be moved from one spot to another and utilized. As instances of the way in which obstructions can



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### FINE THING FOR THE TEETH.

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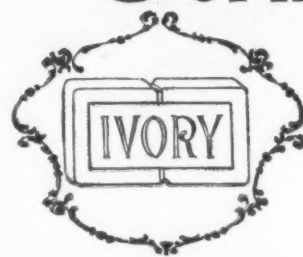
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